This Week
MAGAZINE

The Dallas Morning News

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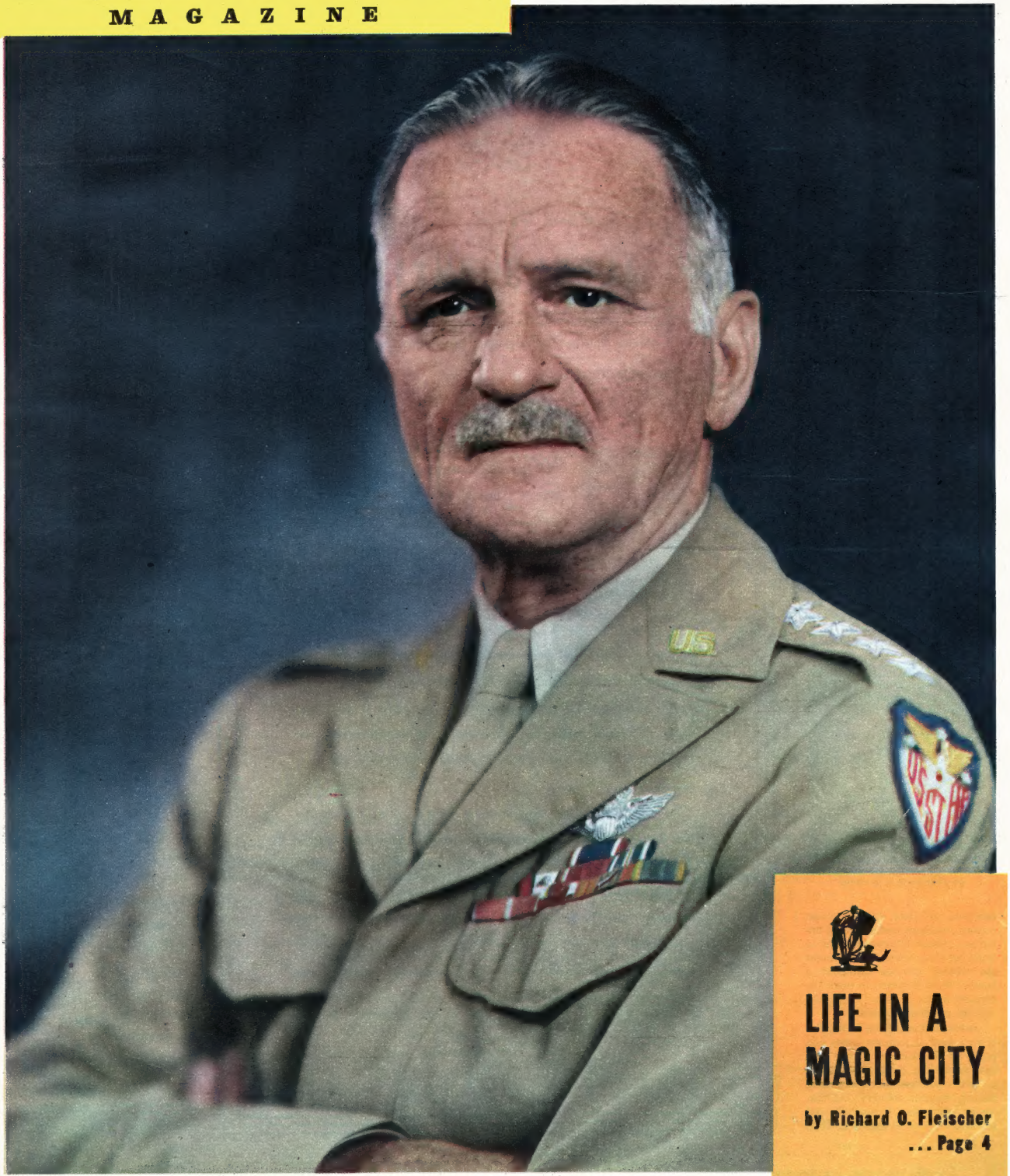

LIFE IN A MAGIC CITY

by Richard O. Fleischer

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GENERAL CARL SPAATZ, AAF: SEE "NORTHERN RAMPART," PAGE 7

JUMPING BEANS

MONOPOLY. Joaquin Hernandez at 37 is the world's Jumping Bean King. When 12 years old, he cornered the market of dusty, sleepy Alamos, Mexico, the only known habitat of the leaping legume, and since then has shipped millions of jumping beans to nearly every country of the world.

His modern office resounds like a testing chamber for machine guns. Tiers of perforated cans — filled with thousands of hopping, leaping beans, eager to be off to carnivals, fairs and boardwalks — line the walls.

Hernandez explains their brisk behavior: Growing on a bush, only a few beans develop acrobatic ability. Inside each hopper, furnishing the motive power, is a small white grub with 16 gripping feet.

When it jumps, the grub grips the bean wall, raises its body, then brings its entire weight down in a sharp, slapping blow causing the bean to leap or roll. Kept in a temperate spot they'll do these calisthenics for six months, sometimes jumping as high as seven inches.

ANOTHER KING. Hernandez will ship 1,000 beans for $3 to any point in the United States, but he prefers selling them in 25,000 lots. A recent order was for 500,000 beans from a Coney Island concessionaire.

His favorite prewar customer was the King of the Hungarian Gypsies, whose orders totaled half a million beans annually. "The King sold them to the other gypsies who used the beans in fortune telling."

Shipping the leapers presents cer-

His business is leaping

tain problems. Once, during the war, zealous American postal officials immersed a box of jumping beans in water for three hours. They thought the clicking package contained a bomb. "We'd forgotten to mark the contents on the outside," Hernandez told the red-faced officials.

Dark-haired, aggressive Hernandez is very fond of jumping beans and proud of the distinction that they have gained him. But he'd be prouder still if he could figure out a way to use jumping beans in industry. "All that energy," he sighs. "It should be put to work." — **JAMES L. TUCK**

Words To Live By from

ALDOUS HUXLEY

POWER tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. — *Lord Acton*

WRITES Aldous Huxley, author of *Brave New World:* "This one brief sentence sums up the fundamental problem of politics and economics in our time. It is simply this: How are we to avoid the concentration and consequent abuse of power? The framers of the American Constitution did their best to solve the problem as it presented itself a hundred and seventy years ago. Since then, circumstances have changed, profoundly; but the old principles are still true. If it was bad in earlier times to give an individual or organization too much power, it is no less bad today. And yet, in recent years, the tendency has everywhere been, not to limit and disperse power, but to concentrate it into fewer and fewer hands.

"The power that has been given to a few political and economic leaders must be taken back by individuals and cooperating groups. The existence of a free society depends on personal self-reliance and on institutions that embody the idea of self-government. Liberty is not compatible with laziness. To 'let George do it' is to let George run the whole show. But 'power tends to corrupt'; and when George is allowed to run the whole show, he soon ceases to be George and becomes another, and much less pleasant person, called Adolf or Benito."

Sidelines

ACID TEST. Overheard conversation between two young urchins on a street in Manhattan:

"Hey kid, what school do you go to?"

"P.S. 183."

"Yeah? I go to P.S. 183, too."

"Betcha don't."

"Betcha million bucks I do."

"Yeah, wise guy? Then what's the name of the truant officer?"

STITCH IN TIME. Those who feel that our legislators are always behind in their duties will have to credit them

You mustn't rob a rocket

with foresight on one score: A new law has been enacted making it a federal offense to rob passengers of a rocket ship.

CYNIC. A California movie house features a wishing well in its lobby. Mostly it's children and young couples who use the well, tossing in a penny and making a sentimental wish. A THIS WEEK reader, however, reports that she noticed one elderly man march glumly past, drop in a penny and mutter:

"I wish I hadn't seen that picture!"

SIGN sighted in a small Midwest town: SLOW DOWN BEFORE YOU BECOME A STATISTIC!

This Week Magazine

FOR A BETTER AMERICA

WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, Editor

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Famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company

IN THE HAND OF LAURITZ MELCHIOR

"51"...the world's most wanted pen

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

WITH musicians, writers, artists—with other notables, too—Parker "51" is the preferred writing instrument. And only recently, American pen dealers, by a margin of 3.37 to 1 named Parker the most-wanted pen. More-wanted than all other leading makes combined. No wonder we receive approximately 10 new requests for every "51" we can produce.

However, today more of these fine pens than ever before are being shipped. So make it a point to see your dealer soon.

Created painstakingly—not hurriedly turned out—the very "feel" of the "51" proclaims perfection. The precision-fit cap *slips on*—locks securely without twisting. For flawless beauty—extra safety—the filler is hidden within the gleaming barrel of hand-finished lucite.

The 51's point—hooded against air, dirt and damage—starts instantly; writes smoothly and effortlessly. For the tip is a ball of micro-polished, wear-resistant Osmiridium—fused to 14K gold.

All this—and magic, too! Only the "51" is designed to write satisfactorily with Parker "51" Ink that *dries as you write*. (Of course, the Parker "51" can also use ordinary ink.)

See the "51" of your choice today. Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00; $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. Parker Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Canada.

Parker "51"

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THEY LIVE IN A MAGIC CITY

by Richard O. Fleischer

WORLD-WIDE STROLL. Dick and Helen Crotser take a walk through Egypt, may wind up in Rio de Janeiro

WILD WEST. The Crotsers share a bottle of pop on a stagecoach

New York is next to California, and Arabia is across the street. Sounds crazy — but not to these people, who live on a movie lot

"I THINK I left a small package on the steps of Notre Dame Cathedral. See if it's still there, will you, dear? And when you get to New York tell Bob to come right home or lunch will get cold."

Helen Crotser isn't talking to a world traveler, but to her non-traveling husband, Dick. And even though she's in Encino, Cal., it won't take 15-year-old son Bob more than two minutes to arrive from New York in time for lunch. And he'll arrive not by jet, but by foot.

The answer is simple. The Crotsers and two other families are the sole inhabitants of RKO's 105-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley. They live in the center of a fantastic, make-believe, ghost-like world of their own — for the ranch is a huge, sprawling movie set.

Suppose the studio people need the Notre Dame Cathedral for the Hunchback to scoot around on, or maybe a New York street for cops and robbers to shoot it out on, or even a couple of Arabian alleys for some extras to salaam on. They simply put their picture people on wheels and 12 miles later they're scooting, shooting and salaaming.

The Crotsers, Moors and Donoughs keep a caretaking eye on this wood-and-canvas world. And they love it as if its backless houses and papier-mâché bricks were the real thing. Even their own homes are part phony.

Reserved For Guests

"SEE that second story on our house?" Foreman Crotser pointed out. "We call it the guest room. No roof and only one wall. But it sure looks swell in pictures."

At that particular moment, New England Street, where the three families live, was covered with a blanket of glistening, white snow. "But it doesn't seem to make it any cooler," said Crotser, mopping his brow. Actually this

climatic condition was just a layer of crushed marble and gypsum.

Despite some nerve-trying and often embarrassing situations the ladies enjoy life in their strange surroundings. "It takes a little getting used to at first," Mrs. Moor remarked. "They change the curtains in my windows every time a company shoots here. And I can't use the radio or vacuum when they're shooting in front of the house. I can't even go in the living room because I might get into the shot. **But I have to laugh at the actors. They're always so surprised when they open the front door and find it's a real house.**

"Still I guess it's worth the inconvenience. We get a big kick when we go to the movies and see all the stars using the front of our house. Robert Young and Dorothy Maguire did the last scene in 'The Enchanted Cottage' on our doorstep while I was making scrambled eggs in the kitchen."

Time passes quickly for the women on the Ranch. "Why, on Cimarron Street," Mrs. Donough laughed, "I watched the styles in the shop windows change from 1919 to 1946 in only eight weeks. It was fascinating."

Nor does time hang heavy for Foreman Crotser and his crew. Besides being responsible for the care and upkeep of the grounds and constantly checking for fire hazards, they have to locate missing actors, move generators, help plumbers and find props. "Some requests are pretty easy," Crotser says, "but once they asked us for a gargoyle and we didn't even know what the word meant. We finally looked it up in the dictionary and then located a left-over one from 'The Hunchback.' Ugliest thing I ever saw."

Looking for a White Horse

"AND I'll never forget that poor, frantic assistant director," Helen Crotser added, "who rushed into the house at ten o'clock one night. He couldn't understand why we wouldn't give him a white horse. He finally ran off and we never did see him again.

"Usually things are pretty quiet at night, though, except when they're doing a war scene. We're awfully close to the battlefield and the bombardments keep us up."

Their strange domain notwithstanding, the Crotsers enjoy having people visit them. But sometimes it's rough on the company. A friend and his wife were on their way to the Crotser house one afternoon when suddenly an anxious young man rushed up and grabbed them.

"Come on — you're late!" he shouted, and hurried them along.

They were halfway up a trapeze before they convinced the assistant director they were not the acrobats he was expecting.

The places Dick Crotser visits on his fire-checking rounds would make a Cook's Tour agent pop with envy. Dick starts in New York, goes over to France, crosses the road to Arabia, swings through New England, and winds up on Western Street. Then finally he checks the two railroad stations for hobos.

Bedlam in a Storm

HE REMEMBERS one night when the residents really caught it. "First of all," Dick explains, "There were twenty-three hundred people working in night scenes, and we had to keep tab on them all. And then there was a terrific storm. We were up all night trying to keep the wardrobe and recreation tents from blowing away. And after the shooting was finished, the one and only fire we've ever had broke out about midnight. We got it under control before the city fire apparatus ever got here."

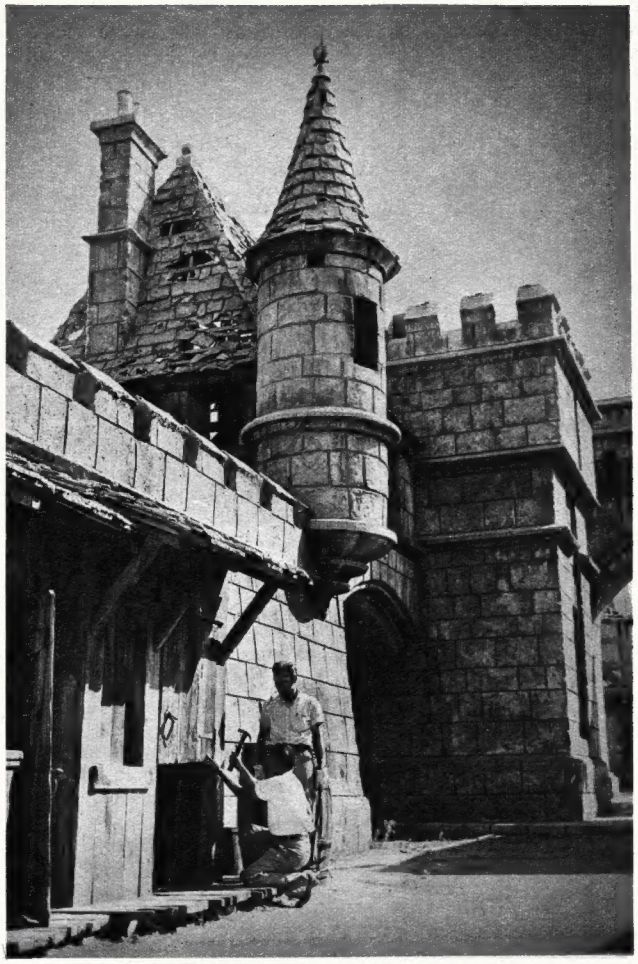
Besides his other duties, Crotser is a short-order construction engineer. **He's built roads, put down miles of railroad track, dug shell holes, and spent two nights constructing battlefield mounds for "Nurse Edith Cavell."**

Most difficult request of all was for rice paddies on the side of a hill for "Back to Bataan." They showed him a picture of some terraced paddies and then they showed him a hill. Then they walked away.

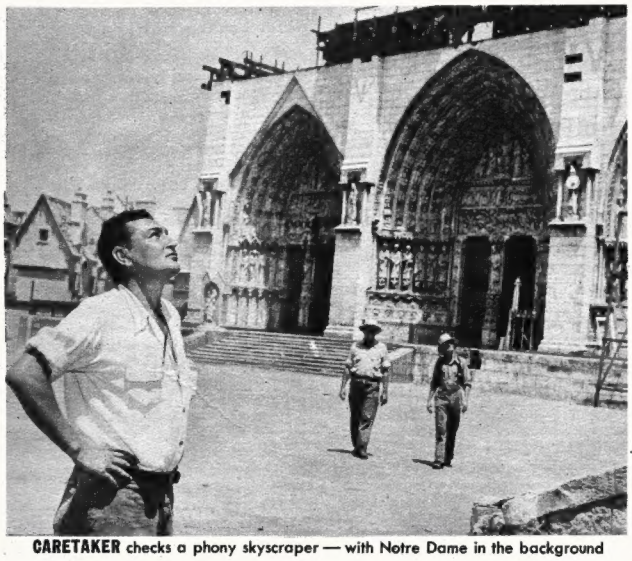
"Well," says Crotser, "I never built a terrace in my life and I never even saw a rice paddy, but six days later Filipinos were killing Japs all over those ten acres I carved out."

Although the Crotsers, Moors and Donoughs are veterans now, they still get a big kick out of seeing their make-believe world change from day to day. They like to tramp through the August snow, watch the camels who have wandered over from Arabia munch grass in front of a French bistro, or see miniature sea battles raging in Lilliputian violence in the process tanks.

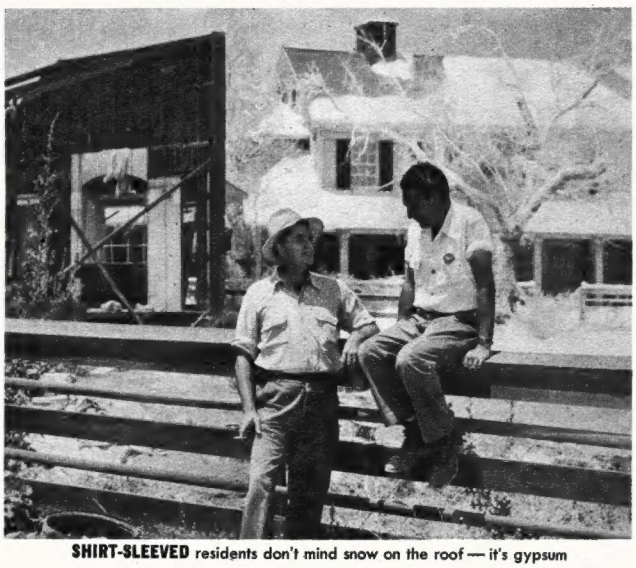
"I haven't been to Los Angeles in four years," says Helen Crotser. "I don't like it. It's too hectic and confusing." *The End*



MEDIEVAL set gets a quick repair job just before the shooting



CARETAKER checks a phony skyscraper — with Notre Dame in the background



SHIRT-SLEEVED residents don't mind snow on the roof — it's gypsum

Hunter stood up and reached for his hat. "Little boys nauseate me," he sneered

The Girl He Adored

BY GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

Illustrated by George Garland

Ah, Love! Ah, Life! Ah, Lydia! Puppy love? Yes — but to Bill, who had fallen for his teacher, it was a bitter-sweet agony . . .

A Short Story

IF YOU had seen him walking up the hill to the high school, you might almost have thought he was a man. If you had seen him from the back, for instance, with his broad shoulders and his long, muscular legs, and the height of him, taller than many men. . .

Yet even from the back, you could have told, really. There was something about the way his hair grew, and the smooth look of his ne with the little hollow below the hair line. And then if he glanced around, you would have been sure. He might have frowned at you a bit, beetling his brows, but he could not have fooled you. You would have known, by the unfinished contours of his face, the bones too big under the still pink skin — by the almost painful clearness of his blue eyes, by the uncertainty of his mouth, not yet controlled into firmness.

"Hello, Billy," someone said.

He turned and nodded curtly, with the impatient disdain of a senior for a sophomore. The "Billy" rankled, but nothing he could do would make anyone remember to call him "Bill." Parents, he thought bitterly, never consider such things — never look ahead to the absurdity of a child's nickname tacked on to a six-footer.

He stopped to light a cigarette, puffing at it elaborately as three girls passed him. Girls, he thought. Kids. He couldn't understand, now, how he could have wasted his time with any of them. They were all right for the other fellows, who thought life was nothing but dancing and kissing, but he was different — he was more mature — he understood things and felt things of which the others had no notion.

Andy Brodie caught up with him just outside the school grounds, as he was ostentatiously stamping out the slightly burnt cigarette. "Say, the new English teacher," Andy said. "She's some dreamboat."

BILLY frowned. Andy was his best friend, and he had always valued his approval of a girl; but now he felt affronted that Andy should find obvious a thing that seemed to Billy so subtle — something only a mature, understanding intelligence would discern.

"She's just a teacher," Billy muttered.

"Oh well, sure. I mean, for a teacher."

Billy was relieved. Of course Andy didn't really see or understand . . . how could he? They went on into the building together, shedding almost identical finger-tip topcoats, grooming themselves for school by jerking flashy ties into place and pushing the hair off of their foreheads.

"What you get for the last math problem?" asked Bill.

"I couldn't do it. . . You read that poem?"

"Yeah."

"Corny, huh?" said Andy.

"Yeah — corny," Bill agreed. He was glad Andy thought the poem was corny, because he didn't want anyone else sharing this thing with him — anyone, that is, except *her*. It was a poem about a man who was rich and wonderful, and everyone envied him and thought he must be the happiest man in the world — but one night he went home and put a bullet through his head. It was not like any poem Billy had ever heard of. It was more like — he didn't know — a mystery story, maybe. You kept thinking about it, wondering about other people who seemed happy, and maybe weren't either. . .

IT WAS in the middle of English class that the idea came to him. He was watching her, noticing the way she walked to the blackboard, moving without any consciousness of herself, without any of the jerky, awkward mannerisms of young high-school girls. He was looking at the clear contours of her face, the grey eyes calm and direct under straight black brows, and thinking that she could not be so very much older than he was — maybe five years — and that she was so little he could probably lift her up with one hand.

Then it came to him that there was no need always just to sit and look at her. It would be very simple to bring himself especially to her attention. She was a teacher — but heck, she was a woman too, wasn't she? And he got on fine with women.

He made some flimsy excuse to Andy, and stayed after class. She was gathering papers together, and did not immediately notice that he was there. Then she looked up and saw him and smiled.

His throat felt suddenly dry and thick, so that he could scarcely speak. "I'm Bill Trenor," he said. "I — I wanted to — "

"Sit down, Bill," she said.

He felt more at ease sitting down. She waited quietly, with a look of interest, for what he wanted to say, and confidence began to flow back into him.

"It's about the poem," he began.

" 'Richard Cory'? You liked it?"

"OH YES." He told her what he thought of it, groping for the words, and he saw her eyes light with pleasure, so that he was prompted to confide: "I never cared much for poetry before."

"Well, this is a man's poem, Bill. I'll tell you where to find others, if you like."

A *man's* poem, he thought, glowing.

"I'm glad to see you showing such interest," she told him as he was leaving. "Come in any time at all, Bill. I'll always be delighted to talk over the work with you."

He walked home with the glow all around him. She liked him, all right. She wanted him to come in often and talk to her. He would read everything she'd told him to, and he'd think of something to say about each poem; that way he could spread it out for a long time — see her after class almost every day.

He thought no further than that — not yet. He did not even think about what it was he felt for her. Little things gave him great pleasure — such as seeing her first name on a book and calling her by it in his mind . . . *Lydia, good morning, Lydia, you look a little tired today, Lydia* . . . and having her eyes rest on him for a moment, when she discussed in class a poem they had talked

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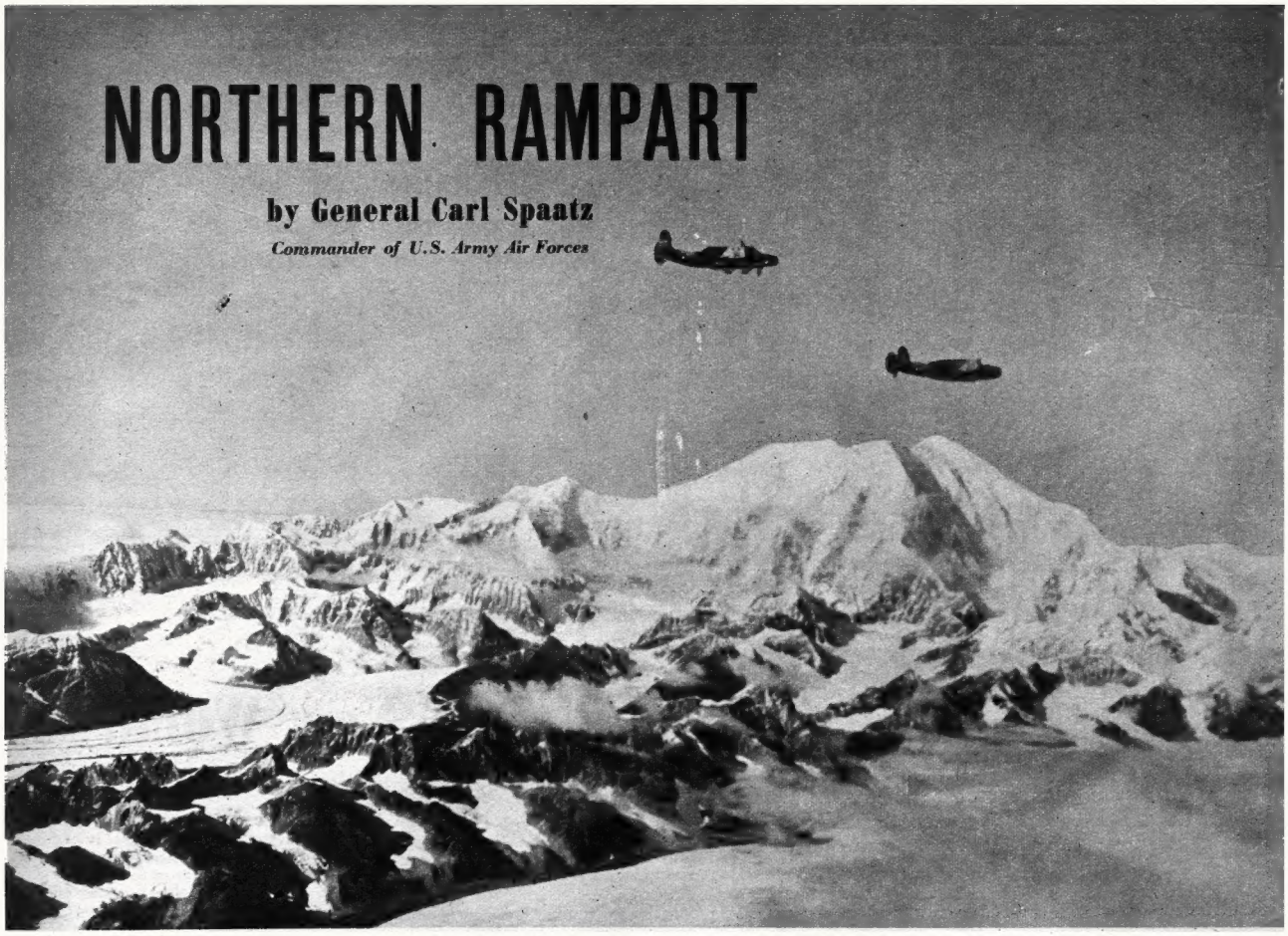
NORTHERN RAMPART

by General Carl Spaatz

Commander of U.S. Army Air Forces



CONQUEST: America's Far Northern skies have proven fully navigable by today's giant airliners. They are no less vulnerable to loaded bombers

The U. S. is wide open to attack from the North, Gen. Spaatz says. Here is how we must defend our Arctic gateway

THE United States is wide open to attack at the top of the map. Unless we wish to risk the catastrophe of being knocked out as a nation in one air war, we must be prepared for decisive air action over the northern polar areas.

To have to prepare for the possibilities of the new kind of war may dismay and disillusion many Americans. Only a little more than a year ago, after tragic expenditure of American treasure and American lives, we celebrated the greatest military victory in our history. In every theater our enemies had been crushed by our armed might or that of our allies. Millions of people everywhere, sick of hardship and death, looked forward to the new day of peace in which they hoped the nations of the world would live together without war.

But that day, unfortunately, has not yet dawned. Though we may be reluctant to acknowledge the fact, military victory has not yet guaranteed permanent peace. While we are hoping and striving to attain friendly relations with all nations, we must be realistic. Today, as in the past, our safety and existence as a free people still depend upon our armed strength and our ability to defend ourselves against any nation or group of nations that might attack us.

We have no alternative but to think of our national defense. But in thinking of defense we must discard many old terms and accept new concepts. For more than a century before the Second World War, the two great oceans that lie between us and other continents were great natural barriers to foreign aggression. No strong enemy could reach us without using sea power to project land power across thousands of miles of water. When we thought then of our national defense, we thought in terms of warships, mined harbors, coastal artillery, and mobile ground forces.

Today the development of long-range air power has made such terms of defense secondary. The major approaches for attack no longer lead over the oceans to our seaboards. They lead over the polar regions at the top of our familiar world. From every capital in Europe and Asia the shortest air route to our industrial arsenal comes over the Arctic wastes and Alaska. And the Arctic air is as feasible for modern flight as any other air. The role of geography in warfare is vanishing. The inland cities of Pittsburgh, Chicago, Detroit, and Minneapolis are just as vulnerable to foreign attack as the seaboard cities of New York and San Francisco.

It has often been said that the airplane has shrunk the globe. But few people really comprehend how small a theater the earth has become for modern aerial warfare. All the great industrial centers of the world now lie within easy bomber range of each other. One of our B-36's, flying to the north, could, for example, drop 10,000 pounds of destructive agents on any important capital in Europe or Asia and return home without stopping to refuel. America is similarly exposed to the Arctic routes of attack. Whoever controls the Arctic air lanes controls the world today.

THIS IS AMERICA: "Northern Rampart," the new THIS IS AMERICA — *This Week* Short, gives a vivid picture of Alaska's role in peace and war. Produced for RKO-Pathé by Frederic Ullman, jr., it will soon be seen in more than 9,000 theaters in the U. S.

Lessons from Destruction

NOW, recognizing this new fact of power, what can we do to strengthen our security from air attacks over the northern frontier?

To answer the question we must turn to some of the lessons learned in the war we have just won. Our victory over the Axis taught one lesson beyond question: that the technical advances in air weapons have shifted the advantage in warfare from defense to offense. (The Maginot Line concept of static defense is in the scrap barrel once and for all).

We learned also that the power of mass destruction has been enormously enlarged to the point that it cannot long be endured. The possibility and scope of surprise attack by long-range bombers have been increased in geometrical progression. Flying bombs and rockets have come into use. The atomic bomb

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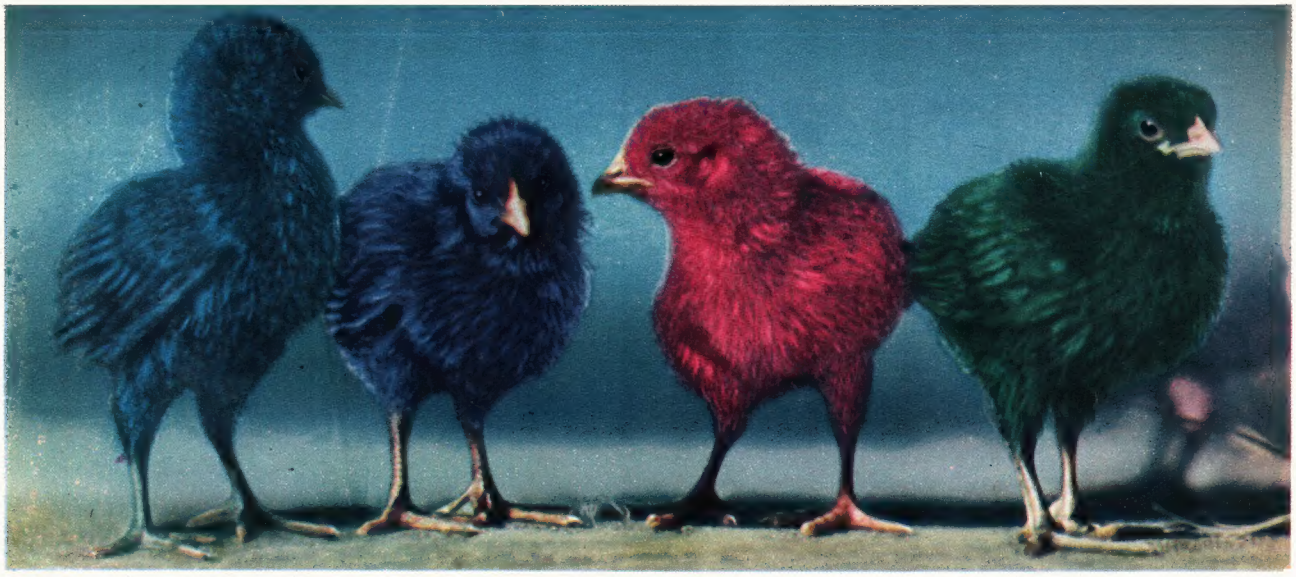

FINE FEATHERS: Just out of their shells, and feeling pretty proud of themselves. After molting, though, they'll be ordinary white chickens

RAINBOW: These daisies were all pure white once, but some of them have drunk Dalio Ivani's vegetable-dye cocktails. Now look at them

Bright New World

Today they hatch blue chicks and grow technicolor daisies. It's all a chemical trick . . .

THAT bright new postwar world we were promised has finally arrived — at least in part. A pair of color-conscious geniuses, one in Puerto Rico and the other in California, have undertaken to add luster to our lives with purple chickens and green daisies, respectively.

Pan American Airways recently flew two dozen of the brightly colored chicks up to La Guardia Field, N. Y. Inventor of the purple poultry (it also comes in red, blue, pink and green) is A. R. Zeno of San Juan, P. R. Mr. Zeno's chicks are not, as you might suspect, dyed after birth; they come right out of the eggshells that way.

Two hours before the chick is due to hatch, a harmless, powdered vegetable dye is injected with a thick needle into one end of the egg. The small hole is stopped up afterwards with wax. A couple of hours later, the egg breaks and out steps a baby chick who is normal in every respect, save that his own mother wouldn't recognize him.

Indelible — For a While

ZENO reports the coloring lasts two to four months, or until the chick molts, when the colored feathers are shed and replaced by the old-fashioned white kind. The dyes don't take on brown, yellow or black feathers.

Zeno is already bored with monochromatic birds. He is now attempting to devise a dye for two-tone or Scotch-plaid poultry.

Also tampering with nature's original color scheme is Mr. Dalio Ivani, who runs a daisy farm near San Francisco. The surrealist daisies on this page are his answer to a gap in the floral season between Easter and late May. A West Coast firm specializing in air-delivered flowers figured that if they could come up with something snappy and colorful to fill the hole, it would be like money in the bank. Esther reed daisies, recently imported from England, seemed ideal except that they were pure white.

That's where Ivani took over. After much experimentation, he hit on a vegetable dye that could be fed to the flowers when they were thirsty. By the simple expedient of refusing water to his daisies for three days before cutting, Ivani is able to induce them to lap up enough liquid from a bucket of dye to turn them virtually any color he wants.

They Drink It Up

IVANI'S is a family business. While his father, mother, brothers, their wives and children — in short, the entire Ivani clan — snip daisies by the hundreds just as the blooms are on the point of succumbing from thirst, Dalio swiftly mixes them a chemical cocktail. **He prepares several pails of various shades, then dunks the stems a handful at a time.** Blue dye acts quickest. Within 20 minutes a pure-white daisy can be made to turn light blue, and in 45 minutes it's navy. Yellow takes longest — 24 hours or so. By the time yellow daisies complete their transition they're almost at market in New York City.

Ivani has invented a gadget to keep his blooms happy until they reach the florist's. During flight, the flowers are packed in a box containing an ice compartment which precipitates a sort of continuous miniature rainstorm on the blooms. Now millions of artificially colored flowers are shipped to all parts of the country.

But we wonder what would happen if a green chicken ate a blue daisy.

— MURIEL R. RATTNER

Who put Grandma in the driver's seat?

There was a time when "For Men Only" signs hung pretty firmly on the steering wheels of cars.

Reason: In the early days, it took a potent arm to twist stem-winding engines into action—so Grandma, Mother and the girls were relegated to the back seat.

But there wasn't much of a market for horsepower that sat in the family garage from Monday till Saturday while Papa was at work.

So—years ago, men got busy developing a thing called the self-starter.

They were General Motors men, and they were—quite frankly—looking for bigger sales of their product and a more prosperous business for themselves.

But look what happened:

The self-starter sold a lot of cars. It made money for GM. And part of those earnings, plowed back into the business, enabled GM to build better cars.

You know the results.

You know the fine cars we have today—the big factories—the modern equipment—the thousands on thousands of jobs—the multiplied wages that have come with automobile progress.

You know how Grandma has moved from the back seat to command of a car of her own. How distance has been shortened, roads improved, all life bettered because of the automobile.

And what has GM's share been? In the past 29 years, its stockholders have received in dividends an average of about 7½¢ on each dollar of sales. In the war years, they got only 3½¢.

Not much to pay, is it, for the jobs made, factories built, improvements provided, comforts added to living?

In short—here's a pretty good demonstration of how greatly *all the people* profit when a business prospers.

GENERAL MOTORS

"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

The People profit when a Business prospers

On the Air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, coast to coast, twice weekly. See your local newspaper for time and station.

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK & COACH • GM DIESEL

"Those Are The Stars"

BY JOSEPH CROSS

Illustrated by E. Chiriacka

The operation gave him eyes for the first time. And then everything grew dark again

A Short Short Story

WHEN it came time to take the bandages from my eyes I had a few bad moments. Suppose the surgery had failed. I kept hold of myself by concentrating on what the surgeon had told me before the operation.

"You must not let yourself hope, Mr. Renton," he'd said. "You must be prepared for complete disappointment."

I asked him exactly what chance I had.

"I can't tell you," he replied. "It's possible you'll have perfect vision. Or you may remain stone blind. And there's a third alternative—the worst." He paused, then continued: "I don't mean you'll die — the third alternative is even worse, I believe, than that."

"How could that be?" said Maria, my wife.

"It may be that your husband will emerge from this operation perfectly able to see. Then, in a day or a week, his sight may begin to blur, the world grow dark, and finally, within a few hours, he may again be totally blind. If that happens, there can be no second operation — the vision will be hopelessly and permanently lost."

MARIA said nothing, but I knew she was praying silently.

"Are you still game?" the surgeon asked.

"I have nothing to lose," I answered. I'd been blind from birth. I'd never seen light, or color. I'd lived always in a world with which my principal contacts were touch and sound. If the operation failed, it failed. I'd have lost nothing.

But now, as I felt the surgeon's deft fingers loosening the bandages, I had a few bad moments. I had so much to gain — so much!

Things seemed formless at first, and the light was painful. Then all at once, as my eyes adapted themselves, everything cleared up and I had a first look at my new life.

They must be white, these dazzling walls. I knew that hospital walls were painted white. There were three people beside my bed. One of them, I decided, was what was meant by the word "beautiful," and when she spoke she used Maria's voice:

"How do you like it, darling?" I knew that for her too, this was a new life.

I couldn't answer right away. I had to ask first about everything I saw. "What's that?" I asked, pointing.

"That, darling, is the Great Outdoors. You're looking through a window. That tangle you see is a hedge, and it's colored green."

"So that's what a hedge looks like," I said wonderingly. We both laughed, happy as children. The surgeon smiled too. He looked just about as I thought a surgeon should look — efficient, reassuring. I tried to thank him, but my voice broke; I was so glad I wanted to cry.

"Well," he said, "I guess I can leave you two alone for a time." He paused, his hand on the door. "By the way, Renton," he said. "Try not to forget what I told you. About the third alternative. I hope it won't happen, but there's absolutely no way of telling." With that he was gone. Maria and I looked at each other.

"Never mind," she said softly.

"No," I said. "Never mind. It's wonderful to see you, darling."

Then I started asking questions again. What is this? This is a water pitcher. What color do you call it? Well, colorless. And what are these? They're tulips, and that color is red. And so on.

AT LAST Maria smoothed the covers and prepared to leave me for a while. "You must rest now," she said. "Your first glimpse of the world has tired you. Try to sleep a little, and when I come back this evening, I'll tell you about many more things." . . .

I was tired, all right. Have you any notion what energy can be put into just staring? I felt I never could afford to sleep again, but as I lay gazing at one beautiful object after another, my eyelids grew heavy, and presently I shut out the new wonderland and slept. I think there was never a happier feeling than that sleepiness of mine, mingled with the certainty that I would wake to see new marvels.

"That, darling, is the great outdoors," Maria explained

WHEN I woke up, I strained immediately to see the splendid things of my room again. At first I recited their names to myself, then just gazed.

But something was different, something wrong. The tulips were not as clear, as red, as *visible* as before. I looked at the window; could barely make out the hedge which had been so plain before I went to sleep. I could not understand.

Slowly, like the knowledge of hell, the thought forced itself on me: The third alternative — the worst of the three! My operation had produced only the temporary capacity to see; I was to be blind again, forever. Blind, having only glimpsed for a moment the heaven that blesses ordinary people during their whole lives!

Even as I sat there thinking of it, I realized that my sight was fading swiftly. The impression of color was first to go; already I saw tulips, hedge, and the furniture of the room simply as dark blurs against the uniform gray of the background. Soon they would vanish altogether. I felt myself receding into the terribly familiar blackness where my life, until a few hours ago, had been spent.

Using my touch rather than my ebbing sight, I reached for the glass water pitcher. In the dimness, I looked at it again. Its form was now darker, deeper.

I smashed it against the iron of the bedstead, and chose the largest piece of broken glass. With my forefinger I could feel the sharpness of its edge. There would be no third alternative. Not now. Not for me or for Maria. She would understand, would know when she found me that the darkness had come back, and I had refused it.

I FELT for my pulse. Near that pulse my fingers traced the line of the big artery, where life flowed close to the surface. I had thought I was calm and ready to face the decision, but I felt the pulse knocking in my wrist like a trapped animal with a life of its own, aware of my intention, but separate from it.

This was the moment. I shut my eyes — it made no difference, the blackness was no more complete — and pressed the sharp glass against my wrist.

"Jack!" The door opened. It was Maria's voice. I opened my eyes, but couldn't see her.

"I heard a noise," she said. "Did you upset the water pitcher?"

"Yes," I said. "But it doesn't matter. Please go away, darling, and let me sleep." I tried to hide the glass sliver under the pillow, but then I felt her hand on mine. She must have touched the glass too, for I heard her draw in a quick breath.

"What is it, Jack?" Her voice was low, troubled. "Tell me."

"I wasn't going to take it," I managed to whisper. "Not after seeing you once."

"You mean — ?"

"I mean the third alternative that the doctor talked about."

I heard her catch her breath, and there was a shocked silence. Then she said, "And you were going to leave me alone? Just crawl out of life, beaten, without a word — ?"

"Maria — please. You can't know what it was like — to wake and see things begin to blur and fade in front of you until now everything is black again. I felt I couldn't stand it. . . I saw there was a *fourth* alternative, and I decided I'd better take it."

"There *is* a fourth alternative, Jack." Now her voice was different, gay. "But not the one you think."

She put her arm around my shoulders and helped me to my feet.

"Are you crazy, Maria?"

"I'LL show you who's crazy," she said. "Come to the window."

I let her lead me.

"Now open your eyes."

"They are open."

"How does it feel? Do you see little lights?"

"Yes," I said. "Weakness, I guess."

"No, darling, not weakness. Those are stars."

Stars! I had never seen them before.

"And what blinded you, darling, was nightfall. It blinds everyone on this earth, once a day." *The End*

PART OF THE AMERICAN SCENE

Fishing in the Rockies

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ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE
Bayer Aspirin

Spivak's job is tougher than a jigsaw puzzle

He Paints With Pebbles

With bits of stone and glass, Max Spivak has revived an ancient art

MAX SPIVAK'S studio is located four flights walk-up over a grocery store in mid-town Manhattan. It's hardly the kind of place where you would expect to find a revival of the rich and ancient glory of the Byzantine Empire.

The studio is meagerly furnished with a table, a few chairs, a daybed — all that a man needs and nothing that he does not need. But all the time you are in his studio, which is also his home, you keep staring at a sparkling panel on the wall, a glittering object incongruous in the severely furnished room.

It is a mosaic — the sort of thing the Byzantines fashioned out of tiny stones, bits of colored glass, costly jewels, silver and gold.

Only Spivak doesn't use jewels or gold or silver. He has had to substitute cheaper and more modest particles — glass beads, steel washers, brass screws and beach pebbles. He pieces them together with bits of colored glass to make pictures and designs of opulence and splendor.

The panel is a representation, out of these odds and ends stuck in cement, of an Oriental dancer.

Thousands of sparkling colors made this panel

In addition to being an artificer of mosaics, Spivak enjoys a reputation as a successful painter. A successful painter in the non-commercial field is one, says Spivak, who manages to earn $2,000 a year from his work.

Lived on Dreams

"ON $2,000 a year," Spivak observes, "an artist can afford a broken-down flivver and a shack in the country. What more does he need?"

Spivak used to have a good job as the manager of a paint and varnish store in Brooklyn and was originally educated to be an accountant. He chucked all this and went off to Paris to study art. There he lived on handouts and dreams. When he came back, the depression was on.

Spivak not only survived the depression, but married during it. His wife works in a publishing house and is sympathetic to the "cultivation of art on a little oatmeal."

While in Europe, Spivak had admired the mosaic art to be found in cathedrals and other buildings. On his return he read up on the subject, and struck out on his own.

Source Cut Off

WHEN the war started, Spivak's source of mosaic stones was cut off since most of them came from Italy. Spivak was forced to accept the substitutes manufactured in this country.

The ancient Byzantines used as many as 350,000 tints. Spivak today has to be content with a few thousand. If these fail to meet the needs he takes a trip to the seashore and collects delicately tinted pebbles.

A mosaic is like a jigsaw puzzle. You piece together an infinite number of tiny bits to form a pattern. Spivak cuts his stones to fit the design. On his work table is a fixed chisel, a mallet does the rest. His palette consists of hundreds of compartments, each containing a different grouping of colored stones.

Fitting the tiny pieces into the cement base is tough work. For example, stones of more than 30 different colors were blended to achieve the flesh tones of his Oriental dancer.

But Spivak has invented a short-cut unknown to the Byzantines. He draws his design on paper; pastes the stones on it, and then transfers the whole business to the cement, face down. When the paper and paste are washed off, the design appears on the cement, in reverse.

Today the ancient art of mosaics has virtually disappeared. It survives in this country only in the tile work of swimming pools and subway stations — and a fourth-floor, walk-up studio. —LOUIS BERG

It's raining bubbles! But Helen and her actor-model husband enjoy it, judging by their smiles. Bright as Jersey sunshine, those smiles also show what "model" care the Scheffer teeth and gums get. For Mother knows that today's soft foods rob gums of exercise—that Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

Meet the Model Mother of a "Model" Family

Helen, Norman and "Bev" Scheffer have such attractive smiles that all three are famous models

THREE YEARS AGO, a Dunellen, N. J. mother submitted snapshots of her baby to a model agency. "How about *you?*" asked the interviewer. "With your smile, you should model, too!"

Today, Helen Scheffer is so successful a model that her smile has brightened the covers of *Look* and *McCall's*. Not only that, her 4-year-old daughter, Beverly and her husband, Norman, are now well-known models, also!

Naturally, the Scheffers guard their million-dollar smiles . . . with the same dental routine that so many famous models credit for *their* brilliant smiles: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.* For they know that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

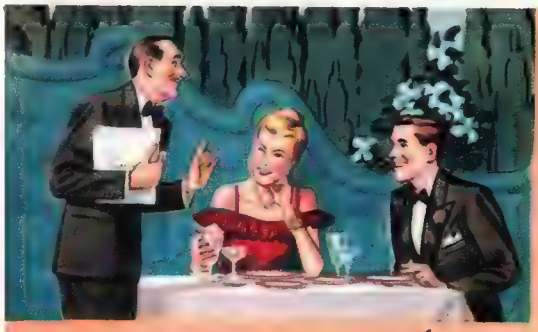
Handle with care! Big Sister Beverly gets a lesson in how to bathe brother Norman, two months old. But "Bev" needs no lesson in proper care of teeth and gums. "Every time you brush your teeth, massage your gums a little," her "model" mother has taught her. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up circulation within the gums.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Firmer gums—brighter teeth with Ipana and massage

A Conover model at 4, Beverly carefully safeguards her future smile—meaning her teeth and gums. Sensitive gums, among adults, often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a warning to *see your dentist.* Follow his advice. Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

What many parents don't know about gum massage is common knowledge to many children. For its importance is being taught in classrooms all over America today. Also, 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows. (*And prefer Ipana 2 to 1 for their own use.*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.



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WALLY'S WAGON

"Ladies Invited"

I SURE wish Congress or somebody would hurry up an' get th' sex problem settled.

It must be terrible confusin' to a lady never to know until she opens th' door to a lunch wagon or restaurant if it's a low dive or a nice joint.

I know how it is on th' other sex. A man has got to watch out or he will land in a tea shoppe. **An' you can't even trust a barber pole. It's liable to be a booby trap for a permanent-wave saloon.**

Our regular customers ain't sex-conscious, I guess, because we get men, women an' children. There is a sort of family atmosphere around here, except Bumps Rafferty points out that at home you can take your shoes off.

Well, anyway, me an' Jake Bullis got to worryin'. What we were wonderin' was whether we ought to put up a sign invitin' th' women *especially*.

"PEOPLE come transientin' past," Jake says, "an th' ladies in th' car do th' decidin' about where to stop an' eat."

"That's th' way it is in our car," I agree. "What do you think we ought to do?"

"We ought to put up a suggestive sign," says Jake.

"Suggestible," I corrects him. "Suggestive ain't quite what we're after."

"Well, then, we ought to say 'Bring Your Wife an' Kiddies'," Jake argues.

"Too corny," I tell him. "How about 'Ladies an' Gents Welcome'?"

"Too highbrow an' stuffy," is Jake's feelin'.

"Some joints put out a sign readin' 'Booths for Ladies'," he comes back.

"They might think we didn't want 'em sittin' at th' counter," I say to Jake.

SO THIS went on until yesterday when a guy sticks his head in the door an' asks if it is O.K. to bring his wife in.

"Sure," I tells him, "anybody is welcome here so long as they behave themselves right."

"How do you expect a fellow to know you want women's trade?" the man chides us.

"We was thinkin' of a sign," Jake starts to say.

"Just what you need," this fellow interrupts. "Look! Only four dollars an' fifty cents — installed free!" An' he holds up a sign he is sellin'.

We don't think much of it. It just says "Ladies Invited" an' ain't got much *oomph*, but we took it an' it settled the argument at least for the time bein'. —**WALLY BOREN**

"Don't pay for that soup, Henry!"

Correct TYPING TECHNIQUE

increases speed . . . lessens fatigue!

LONG DAY, loads of work to do? . . . stay alert and interested . . . but relax and be comfortable too. Don't crouch like a tiger and tense up. Sit upright, bend forward a little from the hips. Feet must be firm too, not wrapped around a chair.

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A PRODUCT OF SHERWIN-WILLIAMS RESEARCH

Kidded To Death

BY BERTON BRALEY

Illustrated by John Jones

For Mack, the murderer, there was suspense — and then terror — in that game of Kelly pool . . .

A Short Short Story

IT WAS a week after the holdup, and Mackinnon had pretty well got over the jitters. Too bad that fool watchman had to get tough, but if you gotta shoot, you gotta shoot.

Newspaper stories showed that the police figured it a professional job, with the neatly cracked safe as evidence. The hand drill Mackinnon had used to bore that nice little hole next to the lock of the old can, was at the bottom of the river. It had taken him two weeks, five minutes at a time, during which hours, to bore that hole — filling it up each time with putty and black lacquer. That had been the riskiest part of the job, but if nobody twigged it before the stickup, the blown lock wouldn't betray him afterward.

He'd got the dope on the right amount of "soup" and how to use it from a detective story whose author went in for correct yegg craft, and in an oil refinery, where they used the stuff in tanks, it hadn't been hard to steal a pint ounce from a well-shooter's supply. Even when he did *that* he'd worn gloves.

The red wig and black mask, as well as the slouch hat, to keep the watchman from recognizing him, were now in the furnace ashes. The gun — bought in a pawn shop the last time he was in Chicago — was in the river.

He'd worn new sneaks bought at the same time, and cotton gloves. These were also ashes, amid those of the furnace coal. He'd spent the past week going back over everything, and he felt positive he hadn't left a clue.

The $10,000 was in "rags," in a safe hiding place. As the Acme Company's cashier, he had been able, bit by bit, to segregate this amount of old, unrecorded bills. There wasn't a chance of tracing them by any serial numbers. His books showed that the money — the cash balance kept in the office safe — was, or had been, there. His assistant had put it there the afternoon before the holdup. Mackinnon had seen to it that there were two hundred ones and a score or so of fives in new currency in the bundle, so it wouldn't look like too dirty money.

It had been easy to slip this money into his brief case as he locked the safe, leaving the safe-cracking, later, to explain its absence.

YES, everything had gone off well. Of course the murder of the watchman complicated things, but he'd figured on that possibility. Reviewing the setup during the past week of wakeful nights, he could find no flaw; nor had the police, in the office, found anything to worry him.

And he had been there, as usual, every day. But he hadn't made the mistake of sticking there any closer than was his habit. He had, in fact, been careful to pursue his somewhat fixed routine of life out of the office as well as in. Movies as usual, Tuesday night; lodge Wednesday, Rotary Club luncheon Thursday — the whole week was normal.

"The Killer Mackinnon, we call him," Browning said

Now it was Monday night again, and he would play Kelly pool with his regular crowd. His nerves were still a bit taut, but with that bunch of kidders he could relax. They'd played together for years. Hammer, the newspaper man, who was also a power in local politics; Opton, a jolly bird, even if he was an undertaker and county coroner; Billings, who was a deputy district attorney; Browning — Mackinnon's cousin, a city detective; Holt, who was assistant corporation counsel; and Jim Thornby, police department doctor.

THERE was a grim sort of humor, he thought to himself, on his way to the pool hall, in the fact that he'd be playing with the people whose business it was to land the man who cracked the Acme safe and bumped the watchman. But he hadn't missed a session for months; it was wiser to be there. And in spite of its somewhat official complexion, that crowd didn't worry him much. If there'd been the slightest suspicion, Billings, a relentless prosecutor, and Browning, a regular hound on the trail, would have been after him before this.

No, he wasn't nervous — and off duty it was a good natured bunch of rough kidders, whose jibes would loosen the tension of his nerves.

They were all there but Browning, and greeted him boisterously.

"Rack 'em up, boy, and let's go," shouted Opton. "We got a lot of Mack's ill-gotten gains to take away from him."

For an instant Mackinnon tensed — then remembered he'd walked away from the game the week before with a total of $20 of winnings. "Try and do it," he said, "what I get I keep." He tossed his half dollar into the pot.

"Shake up the pills," said Hammer. "High man breaks."

"We're in," Browning announced, as he and a stranger joined the players. "Boys," Browning added, "this is Jim Rodgers. Jim — the boys. You'll learn their individual names as you go along. Jim," he explained, "is a friend of mine — from Washington."

"Which part of the alphabet?" asked Billings. "F.B.I.?"

Rodgers smiled. "If I were," he said, "I couldn't admit it."

Federal man, thought Mackinnon. Here by chance or design?

Rodgers said, "Billiards is my game. I'm not sure I know the rules for Kelly."

"Simple," said Opton. "First you put fifty cents in the pot. Then you get one of the pills out of the leather bottle — they are numbered one to fifteen, like the balls. We play the balls in rotation; you gotta hit the lowest ball left on the table when it's your turn, but any other ball that drops on a carom or combination is yours. If you pocket the ball bearing your pill number, you win the pot. If somebody else sinks your ball, you're dead, and all you can hope for is that we all kill each other and start a new frame — which is called a double-header. Get it?"

"I think so," said Rodgers.

"WATCH Mackinnon here," said Browning. "He shoots to kill and cracks the pot."

"And shows no mercy," said Hammer. "Simple slaughter is his motto."

The cue Mackinnon selected from the rack slipped from his hand and fell with a clatter to the floor. He picked it up.

"Ours is a grim game," said Billings. "Full of ruthless slayings and shrill screams of murder from the victims."

"Guess it's my break," said Opton. "Stand back from the rail to avoid flying fragments." He hit the triangle of balls with a smashing attack; but nothing dropped, and Mackinnon was left an easy shot on the one, two and three, which he pocketed swiftly.

Opton and Billings tossed their pills on the table disgustedly. "Dead," they proclaimed. Mackinnon, a good player, dropped the four ball, and caromed off, pocketing the eight.

"Lucky stiff," growled Dr. Thornby. "Dead on the eight. I never did like that ball."

"Killer Mackinnon, we call him," Browning said. "The four was mine."

Mackinnon gripped his cue a little tighter — his usually steady aim had wavered just a trifle. Then he put the five ball in the side pocket. "That's me," he announced, gathering in the pot.

"He's hot," commented Holt.

"Hotter'n the seat of the electric chair," said Browning.

MACKINNON dropped several pieces of change and bent down to retrieve them. Was this just the usual kidding, or was there something behind it? Who was this Rodgers anyhow? Had Billings and Browning staged this game as a slick means of breaking him down? Get hold of yourself, Mackinnon. It's only Kelly talk. He straightened up. Nobody had paid any attention to him.

"Your break, Mack," said Holt.

Mackinnon broke, and the twelve ball dropped. "Murderer!" shouted Hammer.

Mackinnon's knuckles were white around his cue. "Kills me on the break," Hammer went on. He handed his twelve pill to the marker.

The tightness in Mackinnon's chest ebbed and he went on shooting. He was a good pool player — but tonight his luck was amazing. When his next shot dropped Rodger's ball and his own

Continued on next page

CONSCIENCE: *An inner voice that warns us someone is looking.* . . . H. L. Mencken

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Would you like to accentuate your appeal? To become more desirable? More embraceable? Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet—the soap that gives your skin the *fragrance men love.* Its bewitching bouquet comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. No wonder popular women, for seventy-seven romantic years, have favored this beloved soap. To keep *your* fragrant appeal on high, bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Lovely for your complexion, too.

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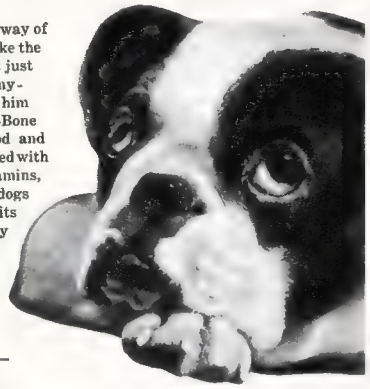
Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!

Does he have to be coaxed to eat?

Could be that's his way of saying he doesn't like the food you serve. But just try Milk-Bone Tiny-Bits — and watch him beg for more. Milk-Bone Tiny-Bits are good and good for him...loaded with the nutrients, vitamins, and minerals that dogs need. And Tiny-Bits make mealtime easy for you. Just add warm water or soup, vegetables or bits of meat— *presto* — dinner's done! Your dealer stocks Tiny-Bits — order some today.



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This offer good in United States only.

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LO, THE POOR GHOST

BY CHARLES D. RICE

In other years on Halloween
Your sidewalk was an eerie scene
Of imps assorted, goblins green
And hosts
Of ghosts.

This week the imps again play hob,
Parade and shriek and apple-bob,
But scarce a ghost is on the job —
Gadzooks!
No spooks?

Alas, the shortages, it's said,
Have even hit the spirits dread
And ghosts are not equipped to tread
The streets —
No sheets!

KIDDED TO DEATH

Continued from preceding page

kissed off three others to clunk into the pocket for another pot, there was a general groan.

"He gets away with murder and theft at the same crack," moaned Billings.

Mackinnon's back was to the crowd as he picked up his winnings from the side table and turned slowly around. It was an effort, but he had to say something. "We planned it that way," he said.

Was that the right thing to say, he wondered, as he thought he saw some of the hawk gleam in Billings' eyes.

His luck continued. Once in a while somebody else gathered in a pot, but through easy leaves and uncanny good fortune in the run of the balls, Mackinnon's winnings grew.

And so did the comradely abuse of his fellow players... Or was it comradely? If they didn't mean anything by it, why couldn't they use different metaphors? Did they *have* to stick to the language of courts and crime?

Still, wasn't the language natural to men who were in or associated with police work?

But was it just a line when Holt, after Mackinnon had won a triple-header with seven dollars in the pot, explained to the Washington man, Rodgers, "You know, that may look like a pool cue to you, but it's really a burglar's tool. He cracks safes with it."?

And Hammer's embroidery of the joke — if it was a joke: "Yeah, anybody who can get away so easily with grand larceny would do better robbing payrolls than signing them."

MACKINNON was silent. "Where's the usual repartee, Mack?" asked Billings.

"Never saw you take it, before, without dishing it out," Hammer interjected.

"It's his conscience," said Opton. "Even the hardest-boiled killers get twinges."

Mackinnon managed a smile. "What you boys need is a drink to knit up the ragged peeve of care," he said. "Call your shots." His was a double scotch. He needed it.

When the next game started, the liquor had stopped that quivering inside, and its stimulation woke a hunch in his somewhat fear-numbed brain:

He'd now play to lose, and maybe they'd turn their abuse on some other winner.

BUT Fate wouldn't have it so. His uncanny luck continued. Deliberate misses would carom off into natural combinations that sunk his ball. Or the cue ball would hit three cushions and back-scuttle somebody else's ball into a pocket.

After one careless smash in which his cue ball leaped a foot above the table, ran along the cushion, dropped back again and kicked his ball into the pocket, Browning reached for Mackinnon's cue. He pretended to examine it closely — even sniffing at it. "As I thought," he said, "the tip's charged with nitroglycerine."

Mackinnon managed to keep the quaver in his chest from getting into his voice. "Okay, squawkers," he said, "I'm buying another round out of this pot." He'd just have to take it and hope he would begin to lose soon. But he didn't know just how much more of this kind of talk he could stand.

He went on winning.

"Just a ruthless, cold-blooded slayer," said Billings when Mackinson's first shot sunk Billing's ball.

"Wuxtra! Wuxtra!" cried Hammer. "Moiderer Mackinnon Bumps Off Helpless Victim."

Mackinnon's cue dropped to the floor with a bang. "Quit it! quit it!" he screamed. "I can't stand any more! Why do you have to be Nazi torturers? Arrest me and get it over with. I did it! I had to have the money. I *had* to, I tell you! I was short in my accounts. But I didn't mean to kill the watchman." Flecks of foam appeared at his mouth corners.

He wavered on his feet and collapsed in a faint.

"I CAN'T figure it," said Billings to Browning, after Mackinnon had signed his confession at police headquarters. "The guy had covered up completely. There wasn't a shred of evidence to point to him. How come he blew up so suddenly? And what did he mean by that stuff about Nazi torturers? Who the heck was torturing him?"

"Must have been his conscience," said Browning. "I don't remember anybody saying anything but the usual stuff we pull on a lucky winner." *The End*

"For a long time we thought mice lived there"

Celebrities' Guardian

He is nursemaid to the great — from kings and queens to Elsie the Cow

ARTURO TOSCANINI is a name that commands respect in music circles and among autograph collectors. The maestro's signature is a valuable item because it's so difficult to get. And the one who makes it difficult is Al Walker — a man with stars in his hair.

His title is Executive Assistant, specializing in guest relations. By eliminating the double-talk it's simply bodyguard and nursemaid to the greats of NBC. But, more than that, he is personally responsible for their well-being and peace of mind while they are in Radio City.

He has herded notables of all sorts — from the King and Queen of England to Elsie the Cow. And he does it with no effort at all.

Conductor's Pal

TOSCANINI is his special ward. Walker has so endeared himself to the famous conductor that no one but Al is allowed in the musician's dressing room before a concert. And the maestro has so endeared himself to his bodyguard that Walker has a drink with him after each appearance — and Al Walker is a very temperate guy.

With all his antipathy to autograph collectors, Al confesses to collecting a couple himself. The occasion was the Washington Correspondents' dinner for President Roosevelt — NBC supplying the talent, Walker on the job checking everybody in with the Secret Service and the FBI.

The President arrived and after being introduced to Walker, he whispered a request: two autographs for his grandchildren. Al cornered Bob Hope and music director Dr. Frank Black with pencil and paper in hand, but that's the last time he'll do it.

Wounded Twice

AL SERVED overseas in the first World War, was wounded twice, won a lieutenant's commission. The war over he returned, opened a gym and later became a physical training instructor at NBC. Today, at 45, he looks older but his looks are deceiving. He has kept up his physical condition and has the stamina of a man 20 years his junior.

Knowing so many celebrities is apt to make him calloused towards all, but he does have favorites: Fritz Kreisler, Babe Ruth, the late Ignace Paderewski and Franklin D. Roosevelt. But the top spot — after Mrs. Walker — is Toscanini.

His record as a celebrity shepherd is something to think about. He takes complete charge of persons assigned to him, and no one put in his care has ever been inconvenienced or mobbed by over-zealous fans.

Bodyguard Walker doesn't depend on muscle and force in his job. His height: five-foot-five, weight: 136. — JEROME DREIFUSS

ACHIEVEMENT OF AMERICA'S LARGEST FOUNTAIN PEN MANUFACTURER

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1. NEW VALUE: 14 Karat Gold point; larger ink capacity; "C-Flow"* feed; telescope-precision quality and construction.

2. NEW "WRITE-ABILITY": The finest, smoothest-writing pen ever made by America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer.

3. NEW BEAUTY: Advance, fit-the-hand design, interpreted in distinctive pearly stripes. In maroon, golden brown, green and black; with matching pencil. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Est. 1896)

Other selections: Wearever DeLuxe Pen $1.00, set $1.90; Wearever Zenith Pen $1.95, set $2.75

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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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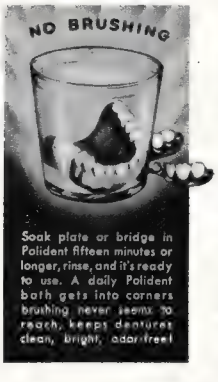
Dental Plate Wearers

Millions solve this serious social problem with Polident's positive, soaking action


NO BRUSHING
Soak plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or longer, rinse, and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into corners brushing never seems to reach, keeps dentures clean, bright, odor-free!

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Amazing NEW CREAM Holds Even Lowers Tight All Day

The makers of Polident have developed a new cream for holding false teeth tight. Its gripping power is so sensational that they guarantee you double your money back if it doesn't hold your plates tighter, longer than anything you ever tried before. If you have used old-fashioned holding powders and found that you had to apply them three or four times a day, didn't like their taste or messiness, then new Poli-Grip is for you.

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Remember Poli-Grip holds plates tight no matter how they fit.

35¢ and 60¢ tubes at all drug stores.

GUARANTEED BY POLIDENT

ACME

SWEEP: Alaska-based AAF patrol skims hazardous peaks near Mt. McKinley

NORTHERN RAMPART

Continued from page seven

is a reality. It may soon be possible to destroy the power of an industrialized nation in a few days, or even a few hours.

If we have a Third World War, that is what the enemy will attempt to do to us — destroy us in the first days of war. We may not again have the opportunity to prepare to fight after hostilities have begun.

In the past two wars our production lines were the fountainheads of victory. In a third war an enemy would have no choice but to attempt to choke off the flow of these fountainheads at once. If he should have his way, the arsenal of democracy would become the prime theater of war.

To protect ourselves against the possibility of a super-Pearl Harbor attack, we must be Arctic-conscious. **Our major defense effort must be directed by awareness of the potentialities of air power over the Great Circle routes of the polar frontier.**

Interceptor bases, radar, antiaircraft, fighter aircraft, rocket and guided-missile interception of hostile bombers — all the measures to ward off attack must be available and properly oriented to the route of attack. These are, however, purely defensive measures, and the advantage now lies with the offense. Such measures at best can only blunt a sustained and determined assault. Some attackers will get through. Purely defensive measures are not enough.

The Threat of Counterattack

THE only true defense now lies in a strong counter-offensive. We must be prepared to strike back instantly and with terrible force at any enemy who strikes at us. We must be able to make aggression the prelude to defeat for the aggressor. That means we must strike him at once through the air. We must destroy his air force at its source, his airfields and launching sites; we must destroy his industrial centers and transportation; we must paralyze his cities and his government. We must destroy our enemy before he destroys us.

All this means that in the new air age our air power must be second to none, until such time as air power is devoted internationally to the maintenance of peace. We must keep ahead or at least abreast of technological developments in aeronautics everywhere. We must maintain our air strength at such pitch as the security of our country requires. **Eighty per cent of that required strength is little better than no strength. To be second-rate in the air is to be swept from the air.**

We now live in the age of high speeds and shrunken distances.

In the past, great nations have withered away after sustaining severe military defeat, but their decline took generations, even centuries. Now, with man's new capacities for destruction, it is possible that a nation may be destroyed in one air war.

These are grim speculations, but we must face facts. We devoutly hope that neither we, nor any other country, will ever have to fight another war. We have all had enough.

But closing our eyes will not bring peace. We must turn resolutely to our defense in the North and be prepared to cope with whatever the future has in store.

GI PIONEER: He helped build up Alaska

ALCAN ARTERY: It supplies our Arctic bases

Use this famous
Canadian Formula

for CHAPPED DRY HANDS

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2. Proved effectiveness for 65 years in cold Canada.

3. A pure, rich concentrated emollient. Aids healing. Choice of countless doctors, nurses, housewives, mothers.

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Get Well QUICKER
From Your Cough Due to a Cold
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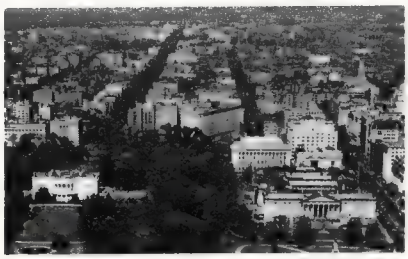
Here's why you may be the next Tampax convert

Any one of the 7 reasons listed below may lead you to adopt this method of sanitary protection

Perhaps the small size of Tampax will appeal to you (one-fifteenth the bulk of external pads). Or the dainty applicator so devised that you need not handle the Tampax at all. Or it may be the fact that Tampax cannot cause bulges or wrinkles in your dresses. . . . The fourth point is that a doctor perfected Tampax on the medically sound principle of *internal absorption*. Then, again, Tampax need not be removed in the bath or while swimming. But perhaps the most convincing reason is that you feel "beautifully free!" Tampax is made of surgical cotton *throughout*. It is worn internally. No belts or pins. No chafing, no odor. Easy disposal. . . . At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies. Average month's supply slips into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

QUIZ 'EM

A news question-answer game



CHARLES P. CUSHING

CAPITAL: Why are there no skyscrapers?

1. GENIUS VS. MORON . . . *In the Army's intelligence scoring, which were in the majority, the exceptionally bright or the very dull?*

Only 5.8 per cent made high scores from 130 to 150 while 8.8 per cent made from 70 to below 50. Lawyers made the best average showing.

2. KITTY! KITTY! . . . *Why has Poland asked for 1,500 American cats?*

They are wanted for mousers.
— O. H. H., Chicago, Ill.

3. FOLDING MONEY . . . *How much does it cost the government to make each piece of paper money?*

Less than seven-tenths of a cent for each note.
— A. S. S., Memphis, Tenn.

4. JUNGLE BOYS . . . *Why will U. S. oil prospectors going into the jungles of Colombia wear Army bulletproof jackets?*

For protection against native arrows. The natives are said to be crack shots.

5. NO SKYSCRAPERS . . . *Why are there no tall buildings in Washington, D. C.?*

A maximum height of 160 feet for any building in the District of Columbia was set by Congress in 1910 *—Mrs. J. K., St. Louis, Mo.*

6. IN REVERSE . . . *Why do all of the seats face backward in the new air liner prepared for the use of King George of England?*

To give royal passengers the help of their chair backs in taking the jolts and thus reduce danger of casualties in the event of a forced landing.
— J. B., San Francisco, Calif.

7. PRINTER'S HEAVEN . . . *What is the annual per capita consumption of paper in the United States?*

More than 300 pounds. The U. S. is the largest consumer, producer and importer of paper in the world. *—T. S., McDonough, Ga.*

8. HITLER'S YACHT . . . *What has happened to Hitler's private yacht?*

It was sold at auction for $300,000 and will soon become a floating night club in England.
— H. F. P., New York, N. Y.

9. SKIN DEEP . . . *How many beauty shops are there in the U. S.?*

Slightly more than 122,000 with an annual average income of $14,700.

10. UNREFINED . . . *What country paid its two per cent required capital into the World Bank in raw gold?*

Ethiopia sent chunks of raw gold by air freight to the U. S. mint for refining.
— G. N. S., Chicago, Ill.

CONDUCTED BY Tom Henry

NOTE: We will pay $2 for a question and answer used in this column. *Proof must accompany the answer.* Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

"Doc, I wish you'd take a look at my leg"

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WAKE UP your skin with *Old Spice* After-Shaving Lotion — brisk, bracing and refreshing. Four ounces 1.00 Eight ounces 1.75 *Also available:* Old Spice Shaving Soap, Talcum and Cologne, individually or in sets. *Each a Shulton Original*

SHULTON

Rockefeller Center, NEW YORK

Individual Achievement Made America Great—Let's Keep It That Way

Weird-looking machines do a big job in labs, will soon be doing more

Let Electrons Do It

BY VERNON BRINK

Radio newspapers, mechanical farmers, 5,000-mile-an-hour railroad trains — they're all part of this fabulous science

WHILE man is busy splitting atoms and releasing the terrifying force called atomic energy, the wondrous science of electrons — which revolve around the center of the atom — goes right along making news.

Although atomic energy is a breath-taking business, about all we have done so far is to put it into terrible bombs. On the other hand, the science of electrons has already gone to work making a better life for all of us. And it has a greater foreseeable future.

Dielectric or radio heat — by which foods are cooked within a few seconds from the inside out — is just one of its newer accomplishments.

When you order breakfast in the restaurant of the future, the waitress will probably shout to the cook: "One egg, hundred and thirty megacycles, six seconds — bacon, two hundred and forty megs, eleven seconds, — toast, forty megs, three seconds!"

That will mean a soft-boiled egg, well-done bacon and light toast. And it will all be there before you can even swallow your orange juice.

Started With a Headache

THIS phase of electronics dates back to the day in 1927 when two General Electric engineers in a short-wave broadcasting station developed headaches and high fevers. Apparently they had been working too close to large vacuum tubes, the heart of every electronic device. Dr. Willis Whitney, former director of electronic research, discovered that short-wave radiation passing through the men's bodies caused the headaches and fever.

As a result "artificial fever" machines today heal baffling diseases in some 2,000 major hospitals. They shoot high-frequency waves deep into human tissues and bones, dilating capillaries so that the blood stream siphons off accumulated poisons.

In the factory, dielectric heating makes better things for you at lower cost. Almost instantaneously radio waves penetrate to the very core of a material. There, changing their direction millions of times a second, they shove molecules around so fast that molecular friction results — creating heat *inside* a material instead of *outside!*

Interior heating, which melts glue instantly and evenly, means that plywood can now be made in almost any shape or thickness. So can plastics. And tire manufacturers have discovered that rubber vulcanized by radio heat lasts longer than that cured by steam molds. Soon, say officials of one company, radio-treated tires will outlast the car.

They Aren't Waiting

DR. IRVING LANGMUIR, a Nobel prize winner in chemistry, says it will take 10 to 20 years to develop fully the hundreds of electronic devices invented since Pearl Harbor.

But then he predicts farming in which electronic eyes select ripened fruits by their color, while other controls monitor mechanical pickers. He envisions vacuum-tube railways transporting us at 2,000 to 5,000 miles an hour. Such tubes will have no rails or friction. The cars will ride in space smoothly, without vibration, held firmly in place by the grip of magnetic forces.

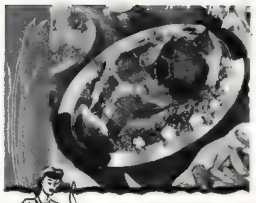
But electronic engineers aren't waiting until further research makes such fantastic devices possible. They're bending their efforts to make electrons, those infinitesimal particles of electrically charged matter, work for you now, in your own home.

On the market, for example, is an electronic blanket which helps put you to sleep. It stays at, say, 78 degrees Fahrenheit, no matter whether the room temperature drops to zero or rises to 90. Bundled under this blanket you may have trouble getting up in the morning, so you can also enjoy another electronic gadget: a clock-radio set that automatically wakes you with your favorite radio program.

Home sanitation is another electron job. **A tiny, ultraviolet lamp, plugged into your refrigerator, not only pours forth a barrage of bacteria-killing rays but produces ozone, too.** This removes odors, checks growth of molds and bacteria on food.

If your future home is equipped with air conditioning, you'll want a Precipitron. By putting a positive electric charge on dust particles, then trapping them on negatively charged plates, this device removes 90 per cent of air-borne dust. In

Continued on page 29



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You can do both . . . easily . . . in the new "Serv-it" Cast Aluminum Platter

Your "Serv-it" is at home in the oven or broiler — and on the table. Put your steaks (or chops or whatever) right on this double-duty beauty and set them broiling.

When they're done, snap the heat-resisting handles onto the "Serv-it" —and carry it proudly to the table!

The food stays hot, for the heavy cast aluminum holds the heat. Size 18½ by 13 inches. See your dealer. *West Bend Aluminum Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.*

■ *Comes complete with attractive, heat-resistant snap-on handles and hot pad in matching design for table service.*

WEST BEND *Aluminum*

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No messy scrubbing—effective in hard and soft water—safe in septic tanks—sold everywhere. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

QUICK
EASY
SANITARY

Children And Guests

BY EMILY POST

Mrs. Post with her two grandchildren

When Junior creates a scene before company, what should you do?

FEW of us who ever have had to care for little children have escaped the baffling question of what to do when our usually reasonable three-year-old gets into a sudden "will" or "won't" mood with company present. **And the more healthy, high-spirited and intelligent he is, the sharper the rebellion.**

We all have known times when the visit of a friend is ruined completely by the child's demands for something he can't have. The best solution is to enforce discipline even when company is very special and a family "scene" couldn't be more inopportune. Appeasing a child, either by letting him continue doing what he shouldn't or by bribing him to stop, makes it plain to him that he always can get his way when company is present.

Guests Don't Mind

ON THE other hand, the mitigating point, and one too often overlooked, is that visitors who witness the child's disciplining are far more friendly toward the child, as well as more approving of his mother, than if he is allowed to leave the impression of a "spoiled brat."

This does not mean that his mother should "pick on" him for trifling things or that she should go into a long siege of lecturing, let alone punishing. But if what he wants to play with is likely to injure him or be broken, she should take it away from him.

The really difficult problem is that of courteous parents who live closely crowded against their neighbors and feel impelled to give in to a child's whims — or a teething baby's screams — so as not to annoy others. They soon find that they have appeased a young tyrant who has become unappeasable. Crying is always hard to bear, but by far the worst is the bad-tempered yelling of the spoiled child whose mother always gives in to him if he screams long enough.

One situation genuinely distressing to a child occurs when he becomes accustomed to a special hour—with Daddy perhaps—and then an outsider comes who interferes with this special time. The child's efforts to get Daddy's usual attention result in his being dismissed, if not sent to bed.

Something He Likes

IF YOU give a child the impression that "company" means being interfered with, you are risking chronic misbehavior every time a visitor appears.

The best aid to a child's behavior before company is to set aside a few special things to occupy him. These things should not be excitingly new—and therefore demanding of Mother's attention — but something he likes to play with and has not yet tired of.

One excellent company idea, especially for a girl, is to let her share in her mother's tea party. When you offer your visitors tea, let the child have a little teacup of her own and a plate of cookies. **Also make it part of "play" that her manners be like yours.**

Remember that the value of suggestion works two ways. When company is coming, it's unwise to warn the child beforehand with a series of "don't's" and, by this means, put those very things into his head.

If you exact perfect behavior when a child is at home and alone, he is not likely to behave differently before company.

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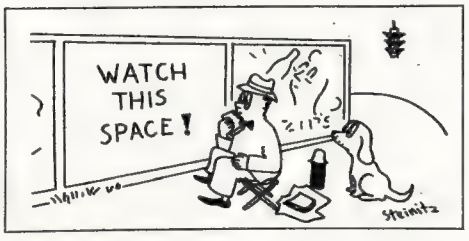

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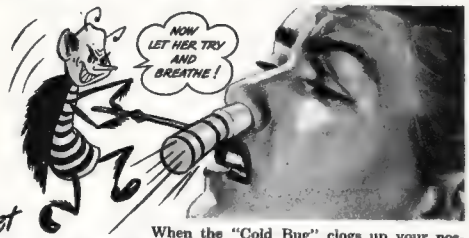

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"Maybe you'll think I'm crazy," he said hoarsely

THE GIRL HE ADORED

Continued from page six

about alone together ... and the way she smiled at him when he came in after school, as though she had been waiting for him...

Once a girl they all called the "brain," a girl who always spouted knowledge in the moonlight instead of moving closer, stopped him in the hall. "I never knew you liked poetry," she said, looking up at him with eyes like melting taffy in her long, serious face. "I like it too. Maybe some time — "

"Yeah. Sure. Some time."

After he'd escaped, he stood and thought for a minute; something came to him that seemed very profound, very sophisticated. You can kiss any girl, he thought, if you use the right approach. Maybe you have to talk mush, like a movie hero — maybe you have to act as if kissing's the last thing on your mind — maybe you have to listen to poetry but you can do it.

And then on the heels of this another thought exploded in him; *Lydia*, he thought, *maybe I could kiss Lydia*...

WHEN he went into her class after school that day, everything was different. It was all arranged in his mind now — all clear and understood. He was no kid, to sit and moon over a woman and let it go at that. He was a man — hadn't *she* said he was a man? — and she was only a little thing, almost as young as he was. He knew she felt something too, because of the way she smiled at him, the way her face lit up when he came into the room.

He walked in with a man's purposeful stride. "Let's not talk poetry today," he said, firmly and loudly.

She turned in her chair, her back to the window, and the soft light hid the small, beginning lines around her eyes. "All right, Bill. What would you like to talk about?"

"Love!" His voice, which had been settled to a man's deep bass for several years, cracked on the word, but she did not seem to notice. She smiled—not with amusement, but with a gentleness that hurried the already mad pace of his heart. "I'm an English teacher," she said. "Still, I suppose I know a little about love too."

All his carefully prepared phrases flew out of his head. "Maybe you'll think I'm crazy," he said hoarsely, "talking to you like this. Maybe you'll think I'm a — a fresh kid."

"Why shouldn't you talk to me, Bill, if you think I can help you? A teacher ought to be more than just a classroom figure, limited to the prospectus of her particular course."

Her eyes were lit with something that he thought he understood, and he took a step toward her and said, almost without his own volition, "Lydia!"

THEN he was filled with the most awful panic. He would have turned and run out of the room, but his legs wouldn't move. He had to stand there, and he saw her eyes change without ever wavering from his face.

"I don't think that's wise," she said quickly. "It might slip out in class some time and embarrass both of us. But that, after all, is a very unimportant token of friendship, isn't it?" She sat back, smiling up at him, and his panic was washed away in warm waves of gratitude. "Now tell me about the girl."

"The girl?"

"You said you wanted to talk about love. That means there's a girl, doesn't it?"

He wondered if maybe she didn't understand after all, or if she was just trying to feel him out, trying to make sure.

"I haven't known her long," he said, "but since I've known her, I can't bother with anybody else. I don't care about the dances, or any of that stuff that I used to think was swell. All I care about is seeing her."

"Doesn't she go to the dances?"

"No. Only high-school kids go."

SHE said nothing for a moment. Then she asked him, "What is she like, Bill?"

"She's swell. Not always talking and giggling, like these kids around here. She's quiet, but it isn't the dumb kind of quiet. It isn't because she doesn't know what to say, but because that's how she is — inside, I mean. Like — like the river, when you go down there at night, feeling all mad about something, or scared, or mixed up. And then you look at the water a while, and it's so quiet you begin to feel quiet too — " He stopped, listening with uneasy astonishment to the words he'd said, and

stared at his long legs stretched across the floor.

Presently she said, "That's a beautiful way to feel about a girl, Bill. Have you told her?"

"Yes, I've told her."

"And doesn't she care for you?"

He wanted to look into her level gray eyes and say, "Do you?" But he couldn't tear his glance away from the blue and yellow pattern of his blazer socks above his scuffed loafers. "I don't know," he muttered.

"SURELY you can find out, Bill. That's the great thing about being a man. You needn't sit home and wonder. You needn't wait for the telephone to ring, for the word to be spoken." She stopped for so long that finally he looked at her. She was staring out of the window, her face so still it might almost have been carved. "You're lucky, Bill," she said.

She didn't turn around, and he sat looking at her, not sure of anything, not sure of what they had been saying to each other, or what it meant. He wanted to tell her — to ask her — he wanted to put his arms round her and hold her very close, very tight. . .

"Well, okay then, Miss Vinton," he said. "I guess I'll be going."

She turned to him quickly: "I'm afraid I wasn't much help."

"Oh sure. Sure you were. Thanks."

When he got outside of the building his knees felt weak, and he had to sit down for a minute on the steps, cradling his burning face in his hands, trying to think it out.

What was the matter with him? Why was he such a dope? He'd had it all planned — how he was going to tell her — and then he'd done it all wrong, made it sound as if he was talking about somebody else, some girl. . .

All at once he remembered the look on her face when she told him he was lucky to be a man, because he didn't have to wait to find out whether a girl liked him — that sad look, as if she'd been waiting herself. . . He jumped off the steps so fast that he almost tripped over his feet.

That was it — that must be it. Heck, it all fit . . . the way she liked having him come in after school, and what she'd said about not being just a teacher and knowing about love, and then her still, sad look when she thought he was talking about someone else.

He began walking home, and now he felt wonderful, as though he could do anything. . .

"Hey, Billy, where you been? We've been looking for you for band practice."

He stopped and stared at Andy as though he'd never seen him before.

"Band practice? I forgot," he said.

"What's the matter with you anyway?" Andy peered at him with mild, puzzled eyes. "You don't show up for anything any more. You sick or something?"

It was funny to think that Andy was just his own age — that a little while ago they'd been inseparable. Bill guessed he had once believed, too, that if you didn't act the same as usual you must be sick. That's how kids were — they didn't understand all the changes that could go on inside a person.

"Yeah, that's it — I haven't been feeling so hot," he said to Andy. "Well, see you. . . "

He moved away, trying to shake off the disturbance of Andy's baffled look, trying to recapture the sweet mood.

BUT it would not come back. Instead, he was now almost as depressed as he had been elated. He must have been nuts, thinking she felt about him the way he did about her. How could she, wonderful as she was, and he just a kid not out of high school? The things she'd said and the look on her face could have meant — well, almost anything.

He stumbled on the top step to the porch, and his mother came to the door, a paring knife in her hand. "Billy Treanor, how can you keep

"He handles Sunday papers"

tripping over that step as if it hadn't been there since before you were born?" she inquired good-humoredly. "Well, come on in and help me with supper."

He followed her into the kitchen and began peeling potatoes, looking up at her thoughtfully every little while. Her blue house dress was becoming to her, and so was the flush in her cheeks from the heat of the stove. She wasn't so old, really, when you thought of it. She was full of energy, and even had a pretty good figure, considering.

"Ma," he said slowly, "I guess you were kind of — sharp when you were young, huh?"

She gave him a quick glance, and her blue eyes twinkled. "You looking for information — or are you trying to butter me up?"

HE GRINNED and reddened. "I was just noticing," he said.

"Well, I guess that's cause for celebration — when your son starts noticing you as a person, instead of just something around the house that cooks and gives orders — " She broke off, her smile a feminine version of Bill's grin. "I think your Dad would tell you that there were no flies on me. He had to step pretty lively to get me."

"You mean, somebody else almost — "

"Well, I always preferred your Dad, but if he hadn't been quick to tell me he felt the same, who knows? A woman can't speak her mind — she has to wait — and I was never good at waiting." She turned to him briskly. "And I'm still not, so don't be all night with those potatoes."

He finished peeling, his depression gone. A man didn't have to wait or wonder—he'd heard that twice today. A man could tell a woman how he felt; in fact it was expected of him,

Continued on next page

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— ETHEL JACOBSON

THE GIRL HE ADORED

Continued from preceding page

and sometimes if he didn't, he made the woman unhappy, or lost her.

He put the bowl of skinned potatoes down on the table with a thump, grabbed his mother around the waist and gave her a hearty kiss, then strode out of the kitchen with the long, firm strides of a determined man. She started to call him back — and then she stopped, staring out after him, her eyes misty above a small, wise smile. . .

He stood outside of her house for 10 minutes before he could go up the steps and ring the bell. Maybe this was the wrong way — maybe he should have phoned first. But you had to do these things fast, before you lost your nerve. . .

She opened the door herself, and stood looking at him for a moment as though she didn't recognize him. Then she said, "Why Bill, how nice! Come in."

She looked different from the way she looked in school, her dark hair softer around her face, her lips and eyes brighter, her dress of some thin, light material that seemed to flow around her. She looked younger; and at the same time not so young.

"I HOPE —" he began, and then he had to clear his throat. "I hope I'm not disturbing you, or — "

"I'm very glad to see you," she said. She sat down and looked at him, waiting.

He'd just sat down too, but he stood up again and said hoarsely, "Miss Vinton — no, Lydia. I have to call you Lydia for this. Gosh, it's such a pretty name. Lydia, listen—" He was breathing hard, his hands taut inside the pockets of his slacks. "Listen, when I was talking about a girl this afternoon — the one you said you thought that was a beautiful way to feel about a girl — "

"Yes, Bill. I remember."

"Well, it wasn't a girl. I mean, it wasn't somebody else. What I was saying was — "

The doorbell rang at that moment, and she went to answer it. When she returned, a man was with her, a dark, good-looking man in a well-cut brown suit, a blue and maroon dotted tie and burnished brown shoes.

FOR the first time in his life, Bill was uncomfortable in his clothes. He was wearing what all the other fellows wore — he wouldn't have been seen dead in anything but unpressed slacks, bright sports jacket and worn loafers. But now he was suddenly conscious of his wrinkled sleeves, and of the blazer socks, falling around his ankles.

The man kept looking at him while she introduced them. He had sharp, amused eyes, and you could see where his hair was thinning out in two peaks at the temples.

They all sat down, and the man, whose name was Hunter, lit a pipe, slowly, not saying anything, still looking at Bill with his amused eyes. Bill looked at Lydia. She sat straight, almost on the edge of her chair, and her lips were parted a little as she watched Hunter — as though at any minute there was something she would say or do.

"Nice night," Hunter said finally.

In Bill's circle, nobody ever used the weather to make conversation. He said, "Yeah," and felt for a cigarette, then remembered that he had no more. He got his allowance on Saturday, so, since this was Friday, he had no money for cigarettes.

"What do you think, Lydia?" Hunter turned to her slowly. He did everything slowly, as though he had plenty of time. "Do you think it's a nice night?"

Her eyes widened a little. She

smiled and turned to Bill. "We know a poem about that, don't we, Bill? 'The stilly night — ' "

"Not now," Hunter said, with an expression of pain. "I *had* thought of a little ride down by the river — " He paused, looking at Bill. "Of course I have only a two-seater."

Bill got up, feeling enormous and unkempt, and with a dull ache in his chest.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll be going along."

"No, don't go, Bill." Her voice was very low, and she was staring at Hunter, her eyes still wide and her face pale. "Don't go," she said. "Why, you just came."

He stood uncertainly at the door, not knowing whether she really wanted him or whether she was just being polite.

"I think he wants to go," Hunter said. "Don't you, kid?" When Bill just stood, not answering, he added in an oddly soft voice, "A two-seater, and a quiet spot by the river — " He dropped an eyelid over one amused eye. "You know how it is, kid."

SOMETHING in the softness of the voice, something in the wink, made Bill's blood churn with sudden, unexpected anger. He glanced once at Lydia, and saw that her face had turned paler still, and that her lower lip was caught between her teeth.

He took a step toward Hunter. "Listen," he said. "Listen, she's not anybody like that — she's not anybody you can — "

"All right, Sir Galahad." Hunter's voice was a lash of laughter. "You can go now. My patience has run out."

Lydia spoke quietly, her cheeks no longer pale. "Bill is my guest, Jerry. I've asked him to stay."

"That's your privilege, of course." Hunter stood up and reached for his hat. "I've had enough anyway. Calf-eyed little boys nauseate me, and I should have found out weeks ago that schoolteachers aren't in my line." He looked at Lydia and made a small bow. "Not that you aren't a very charming woman." Then he was gone.

BILL fumbled for the doorknob, and could not find it. When Lydia put her hand on his arm he wrenched it away and muttered, "I've got to leave. I've got to go home."

"Wait a minute, Bill. You can't go like this. The things Jerry said to you — "

He stood with his back to her, his hand on the knob now. "I don't care what he said. I don't care about that. It's you. He's the one you — " He swallowed something hard and painful in his throat, and began again, "I saw your face — the way you looked when he left — and it's all my fault."

"No, Bill. I'm glad he went."

She put her hand on his arm again, and it looked so small there. He clutched it, covering it with his own big hand, then he leaned his head against the door and groaned, "Oh, I love you so. I love you so."

"Bill, please turn around," she said. "Please look at me."

He turned, slowly, but couldn't look at her. "I guess you think I'm a crazy fool."

"Why, Bill," softly, "no woman thinks a man's a fool for loving her."

"But I'm just a kid. I don't know how I could have thought — how I ever — "

"You needn't be ashamed of it," she said. "I've been waiting for weeks to hear Jerry Hunter say he loved me, but now I'm glad it was you instead. I can see now that I couldn't have been proud of his love. But I'll always be proud of yours." He looked at her then, and she smiled. "That's why I hope *you'll* never be ashamed of it."

He said in a choked voice, "I won't be. I'll never love anybody else. I'll never — "

"Yes you will, Bill. You'll find the girl you think you see in me."

"Girls!" The word trembled on his lips. "How can I ever look at any dumb girl again?"

He went out and walked blindly for blocks. He didn't know he was heading for the river until he saw it before him, cool and quiet in the darkness. Then he sat down, staring at it for a long time. . .

A GIRL came by, walking with her father. She had an awkward, uncertain gait, and kept pulling at her oversized sweater. As they passed Bill, she looked up at the sky and said to her father, "Oh, it's a beautiful night, isn't it?" Just for a moment her voice was rich, deep, soft, and her face, outlined by moonlight, was clear and sweet. Then she was gone into the darkness.

Bill's anguish began to flow slowly out of him. He had thought that everything was ended, but now he knew — now he understood. Nothing was ended. It was all just beginning. *The End*

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Next Week . . .

★Betty Garrett, wife of Hollywood star Larry Parks, tells what makes hubby tick and why he was picked to play Al Jolson in the new screen life of the great singer.

★Wally Boren describes the miracle that made 12-yr.-old Jerry Parsons, local roughneck, wear a necktie.

★Aldous Huxley offers "Words to Live By."

★Marion Simon shows you a job with a wide-awake future — coffee-tasting.

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Bewitch Your Table

BY CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

JOE ENGELS

Funny-face cutouts and celery spooks decorate a holiday tray

Use these timely tips and cast a spell over your Halloween meals

Hiss't Halloween! Turn cookery into spookery. Bubble, bubble, no toil, no trouble — if you use these magic tips to bewitch your holiday table.

Goblins are gourmands, heap the sandwich platter with funny-face cutouts. Cut circles from Boston brown bread and in half the lot make eyes, nose, mouth with sharp-pointed knife. Spread remaining slices generously with a filling to contrast with the color of the bread, then press on the faces so the filling bulges through cutouts. **A yellow cheese mixture is good with brown bread. Ham, or tongue spread, does nicely on white.**

If it's a buffet-supper menu with a hot dish, pass the Halloween bread instead of sandwiches. Thinly slice orange and brown bread and with cooky cutters press into stars, half moons, four-leaf clovers, horseshoes, cats. Serve on a candlelighted tray.

Ghost Stalks

Ghosts walk on sandwich trays. Stuff celery stalks with cream cheese using raisins for features, leafy celery ends for the arms, the leaves to flutter as hands. Stand the ghosts to guard the sandwich piles.

Top individual meat pies with rings of baking powder, biscuit dough wearing goblin faces formed by cutting triangular holes for eyes and nose and a curved slit for a mouth.

Fill orange shells with whipped sweet potatoes mixed with orange juice and seasonings. Draw goblin faces on shells using India ink. Top the potato mixture with a hat made of marshmallows, then oven tan.

Creamed dish for the entree? Say creamed chicken, or creamed eggs with mushroom, or a cheese rarebit? Serve from a black, iron kettle, the three-legged kind if you have one handy. Place on the buffet table against a background of orange, crepe paper and corn stalks. Serve with a long handled spoon.

Give a hot-potato salad the evil-eye look with slices of hard-cooked egg, each circle "faced" with ripe olive snips. Another idea is to top the salad bowl with a hard-cooked-egg ghost. It takes but a split second to do. Spear a hard-cooked, shelled egg on a lollipop stick or meat skewer; add olive features for face. Tie a white napkin to the stick just under the egg for a billowy shroud.

Canned peach halves make our bogeyman salad. Turn peaches, curved side up, lay on blackberries for eyes; add apple-seed noses and apple-skin mouths, cut saw-tooth fashion. Cream cheese provides the curly, platinum-blonde wig.

Cross-bone Salad

Cross-bone salad is one to serve on a supper plate along with a hot food. Take two stalks of stuffed celery, cross on a lettuce-leaf. Still another "bogey," made with big prunes: Remove stones, fill each prune with seasoned cream cheese allowing prune edges to show at one end — wig fashion.

Stuffed olive rings form the eyes, a small triangle of olives make the nose and a pimiento strip the mouth. Serve with a mound of mayonnaise dressing.

A green bogey to ornament a supper plate is but a sweet pickle with toothpick legs and ripe olives for feet. Half-toothpick arms wave green olive hands.

The toothpick neck holds a liverwurst head (a thick round slice) set off by a garden hat garnished with a parsley feather.

Yellow pumpkins, with a green pepper stem, molded of soft snappy cheese, are a golden eye-full arranged on slices of pineapple on a bed of greens.

Pass the broomsticks. Separate stalks of celery, clean well, cut slender top ends to resemble broom handles. Slash root ends to make fine strips one-and-one-half inches long, this for the brush. Place in ice water with two slices of lemon and the slashed strips separate and curl.

Pumpkin pies wear pumpkin faces. Raisins and snips of date form the features; outline with orange peel.

Ghost mist is soft and cold and white — a ball of vanilla ice cream, topped with a ghost. Paint a marshmallow with red coloring or melted bitter chocolate. Fasten marshmallow ghost to toothpick and pin around a white, paper napkin "sheet." Press lower end of pick into ice cream.

The pumpkin comes to its glory on a Halloween cake made of devil's-food layers, orange frosted, topped with marshmallows each wearing a pumpkin face put on with melted, bitter chocolate.

Grinning imps are but peach halves poised on sponge-cake layers. Split layers and sandwich with peach ice cream. Cover with chocolate sauce, place canned peach halves over top, hollow side down; add faces outlining with bits of date, prune and candied cherries.

Devil-chip chocolate pie is a favorite with the teen-agers. Make a chocolate chiffon, cover with meringue and scatter liberally with chocolate chips.

And how they love these black cat cookies: Melt bitter chocolate over warm water and keep warm enough not to harden. Put a drop of chocolate in the middle of a large round cookie, over this place a chocolate-coated, peppermint wafer for the body of the cat. Using a toothpick to apply melted chocolate, outline cat's head, tail, legs and long whiskers.

Witches hats are bewitching desserts and like witches quickly disappear. An ice-cream cone is the hat crown. Rest this, open end down, on a big round cookie. Chocolate ice both cookie and cone. Just before serving, stuff cone with ice cream and turn open side down on the frosted sweet. Serve, and look, it's gone!

Endless are the tricks for Halloween eating. Bake gingerbread, using a ready mix, and cover with butter frosting, tinted golden. Decorate top with licorice cats.

Mystery Brews

Funny fellows are hob-goblin doughnuts cut like biscuits without the center hole. Before frying pinch up nose, cut wee slashes for eyes and press in whole spices. Slash open a mouth and add a speck of pimiento for a bright red tongue. Fry. You can't believe your eyes.

Black-cat punch is for kiddies — hot chocolate, of course. Orange punch for middle size goblins, made with two quarts of orange juice, chilled with one quart crushed ice, then poured into glasses three-fourths full. Add the gingerale before serving. Jack O'Lantern punch for big goblins. Combine fruit juice with cider and serve in a bowl fitted into a large Jack O'Lantern pumpkin shell. Float orange slices wearing "clove" featured faces.

COUGHING IS OFFENSIVE!

Here's 3-Way Relief:

...Go after those offensive minor coughs due to colds or smoking at the very first scratchy "tickle." Get Smith Brothers Cough Drops, a scientific prescription-type formula of proven cough-relief ingredients used for years by the medical profession. Smith Brothers bring quick, long-lasting relief in 3 important ways:

1. Ease throat tickle
2. Soothe dry membranes
3. Help loosen phlegm

No narcotics. Let children enjoy them freely. Now in greatest demand of whole 99 year history. A boon to smokers. Buy 2 packs today, one for pocket, one for bedside if night coughs strike.

Use Smith Brothers Menthol Cough Drops for stuffy nose

Next Week in THIS WEEK...

- ★Meet Anna Lord Strauss at her desk in *Washington, D. C.* Unknown to many citizens, she's a woman every Congressman on Capitol Hill listens to.
- ★Enjoy a Chester Chatfield short story of the *Western sagebrush country*—where a sheriff has to decide if old "Pete" and his niece are murderers or heroes.
- ★Board the famous pilot boat in *Boston Harbor* — hear how her pilots have guided 100,000 big ships to port in the past 40 yrs. — listen to some hair-raising yarns from the wild and wooly days of piloting.
- ★Attend the Juan Franco racetrack in *Panama* — where excited fans once set fire to the grandstand — and let an eccentric "professor" demonstrate how to play the horses with a slide rule (a true story).

FREE!

This beautiful four-color reproduction of a painting by Douglass Crockwell portrays Claude Jarman, Jr. as "Jody" in M-G-M's important Technicolor picture, "The Yearling", now in production. It comes to you autographed, in 8" x 10" size, suitable for framing.

"The Yearling", c/o P. O. Box 1077
Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me, free, the full-color reproduction as advertised. I enclose 15¢ to cover cost of postage and handling.

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LET ELECTRONS DO IT

Continued from page twenty-two

Pittsburgh, one Precipitron-equipped home needs dusting only once a week. White curtains require washing once a year!

Radio, sound pictures, television, fluorescent lighting — each is but one aspect of this science. And each is going places fast.

Vacuum or gas-filled tubes, which pluck electrons from their orbits and send them flowing through space, now range from sizes no bigger than your thumb to cylinders several feet long. **One phototube can actually distinguish and match 2,000,000 different shades of color.** You can distinguish only 2,000.

Not long ago, General Electric completed construction of a machine called a betatron, which produces X-rays of 100,000,000 volts. One-million-volt X-rays that saw through thick steel bars were considered tops in efficiency a short time ago. With the new electron microscope viruses never seen before are now enlarged 100,000 times. Through it a blood corpuscle looks like a two-foot sofa pillow.

Eliminates Static

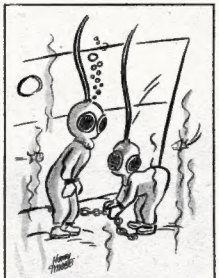
FREQUENCY Modulation, introduced as a system of broadcasting to eliminate static and station fading, now claims operation in only 60 stations. But roughly 350 stations are under construction and about 500 more have applications with the Federal Communications Commission.

Television broadcasts now pour forth from only nine radio stations. **But 40 experimental stations are planned, with 123 applications before the FCC.**

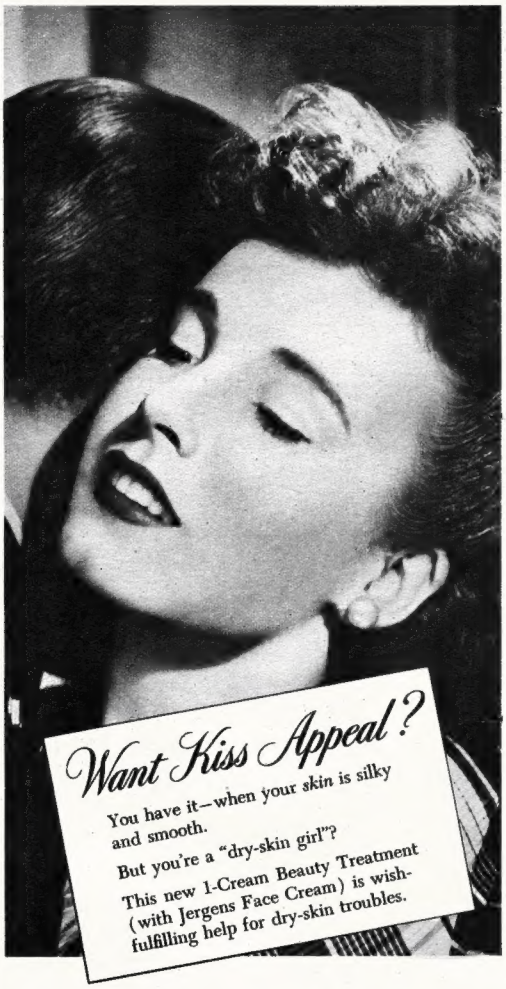
Up to now only three stations deliver electronic newspapers, but next year 12 cities will experiment with radio facsimile. Their objective: to place a newspaper printed by radio in every home.

Even the world of toys is affected. With an electronically controlled electric train your son can push a button and make one, two or more trains go backward or forward, make the engine whistle or even uncouple some of the cars — all this at any point on the track. Before the advent of electronic control, the kid operator could perform these operations only on special rails or at selected points on the tr ck.

This all adds up to a case for electronics. And although it's not quite as spectacular as the famous flash of fire produced by the atomic bomb, this science is keeping pace with its sensational cousin in peacetime usefulness. *The End*



"I'm thirsty!"


Want Kiss Appeal?
You have it—when your skin is silky and smooth.
But you're a "dry-skin girl"?
This new 1-Cream Beauty Treatment (with Jergens Face Cream) is wish-fulfilling help for dry-skin troubles.

It's simple, easy, to have this 1-Cream Beauty Treatment

Helps smooth away tiny dry-skin lines

Daily, in "little" minutes... have smooth-skin treatments with this capable new Jergens Face Cream. Use it like 4 creams:

1. **for skillful Make-up Removal and Cleansing**
2. **for Softening**
3. **for an oh-so-fine Foundation**
4. **as a Night Cream—*super* help for dry skin and dry-skin lines**

Added intelligence: Jergens Face Cream is a skin scientist's cream. By the makers of Jergens Lotion. Give this new 1-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial. Like so many beauty-wise girls, you'll have skin that's smooth enchantment... the Jergens Face Cream way! 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax).

JERGENS FACE CREAM

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin

BARRY FITZGERALD, co-starring in "Two Years Before the Mast," a Paramount Picture.

"Lipton's brisk flavor suits my Irish taste," says genial Barry Fitzgerald

"My Dublin upbringing gave me a taste for good tea," says Barry Fitzgerald. "That's why I like Lipton's *brisk* flavor. Brisk, you know, is the tea experts' own term for the fresh, spirited taste of Lipton's.

"What's more, Lipton's is never dull or flat, like ordinary teas. It always tastes rich and full-bodied, the way a fine tea should."

Barry, we're glad you're so keen on Lipton's. It *is* a fine tea. It brings a cheerful, friendly feeling with it. And it's won the hearts of tea drinkers the world over. It's America's favorite brand. Get a package at your grocer's today.

LIPTON TEA

Brisk flavor — never flat

BUY THE LARGER, MORE ECONOMICAL-SIZED PACKAGES

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Major Operation

BY JESSE C. BEESLEY

When Doc watched a famous surgeon perform in Chicago, it reminded him of a case of his own many years ago

IN A sense Doc Elkins' vacation was a flop. He hadn't had one in so long that he didn't know how to act. Sort of like the little station terrier in our home town who ran after the Dixie Flyer for years and finally caught it when the engine broke down. He didn't know what to do with it.

But in another sense Doc's vacation was a success. He spent it — a whole week — in Chicago with his niece, who was married to a young surgeon at a big Chicago hospital. It was exactly what you would imagine it to be — a round of shows and night clubs — and then the youngsters showed the small-town Tennessee doctor what scientific advancement had done for the profession in the big city. **Essie, the niece, said later that Doc had slept through the shows and night clubs. But at the hospital he was wide awake.**

I've known Doc since I was born, and Essie's account sounded true to form. As a youngster, I used to make the rounds with him, always hoping he would let me help steer his wonderful EMF roadster and even put my bare foot on the accelerator.

The Doc's Chauffeur

I DIDN'T care much whether old Mrs. So-and-so was worse or old Mr. So-and-so was better. Only old people know when old people die, and that wasn't for me then.

I had some violent experiences, though, in payment for my driving permit. I held a hobo once while his foot was amputated. I left Doc alone for a whole month after that. I never really got so that I liked being with Doc Elkins on calls, but if I had to be a part of sickness and death to drive an automobile, I was willing to take it. You can understand what it meant to overhear the biggest boy in the third grade say that I "practically" drove for Doc Elkins.

To get back to Doc's vacation — it was this August. I met him a few days after his return, and we walked together toward his office.

"How was the trip?" I asked.

He said he made expenses. I said, "Don't tell me you were invited to operate there?"

Big Audience

THEN he told me about the last fluorescent-lighted operation he had seen at the Chicago hospital. It was performed by a noted surgeon and it was said to be a great treat for the onlookers.

Doc said he had never seen so many photographers, students, stenographers and well-known surgeons, who, of course, had ringside seats.

Then, Doc slowed down and cocked his head to the left — which I always thought he did to balance the bag in his right hand.

"You held the lamp," he said to me, "when I performed the very same operation in the old days out near Eagleville." He said that he had made me look at a snuff ad on the wall so I wouldn't keel over.

Slowly, the scene came back to me: the husband stayed in the little shed-kitchen with the hot water. I think Doc let me drive back somewhat later that night.

Doc was almost to his office door. "But how did you make expenses?" I asked. **"Hell, Jess," he said, "I'm going to send a bill to that Eagleville farmer. I don't need the money, but I owe some people who do!"**

"Why didn't you ever do that before, Doc?"

"Because I never realized until last week what a fine performance you and I put on that night in Eagleville. Why, Jess, that was a big job!"

"Mr. Hart is afraid of thunder storms, Father!"

How To Keep House

AMERICAN housewives think they know everything about keeping house. But when you come right down to it, the American bachelor is the real expert.

While housewives huff and puff and complain how hard their lot is, the bachelor blithely keeps his quarters ship-shape without missing a day at the office. Here's how he does it. (Drawings by Bachelor Irwin Caplan.)

BACHELOR BEDMAKING will last for months. (Pat. Applied For)

LOST BUTTONS are nothing. Just make knots like the pin-up girls do

SWEEPING, dusting, done while engaged in profitable enterprise

DISHWASHING can be combined with laundry and personal cleanliness

OF COURSE, when things get really bad, a bachelor can always get married

ARE YOU REALLY SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT UNDER THIS ARM.
PUT FRESH THE NEW CREAM DEODORANT UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION— PREVENTS ODOR BETTER.

Be lovely to love

Make the famous Fresh test. See why more women are switching to Fresh than to any other deodorant.

Fresh stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never sticky or gritty...doesn't dry out in the jar.

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What are little girls made of?

Not just sugar and spice! Not just come-hither clothes. The girls who go over—on the job and off—have a certain special knack.

It's the knack of keeping everything they wear fresh and feminine. Analyze one of these girls—see some of the little things men fall for.

FLOWER-FRESHNESS—She makes sure of daintiness from the skin out. Her undies get treated to Ivory Flakes after each wearing, 'cause she knows *no soap gives* clothes or colors *gentler care!* Let this mild, rich-lathering soap help keep *your* undies petal-fresh and color-clear.

FLAIR FOR FASHION—What helps keep her rainbow-striped blouse so fresh and gay? Ivory Flakes—the soap so many fashion experts, store buyers and manufacturers recommend. They tell you no matter how safe a washday soap powder may be it is *not as mild, not as pure* as Ivory Flakes. So avoid strong soaps—shun rough handling! Head for twice the wear with gentle Ivory Flakes care.

PIN-UP FIGURE—Her girdle does right by her because Ivory Flakes do right by her girdle—help guard its elasticity and looks. See *how much longer* your girdles keep their shape and fit when you wash them frequently with Ivory Flakes!

LUSCIOUS LEGS—Sheer, sheer stockings with no misgivings about unexpected runs. What's her secret? It's special Ivory Flakes care—she takes no chances with the wrong kind of soap. Strain tests show stockings gently sudsed in Ivory Flakes get *up to 50% less runs.* And pure Ivory Flakes help keep stocking colors true!

Please don't waste soap. It contains scarce materials.

If it's lovely to wear

It's worth Ivory Flakes care